

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## INTROVERSION.

What do you seek within, O Soul, my Brother?  
What do you seek within?  
I seek a Life that shall never die,  
Some haven to win  
From mortality.

What do you find within, O Soul, my Brother?  
What do you find within?  
I find great quiet where no noises come.  
Without, the world's din:  
Silence in my home.

Whom do you find within, O Soul, my Brother?  
Whom do you find within?  
I find a friend that in secret came:  
His scarred hands within  
He shields a faint flame.

What would you do within, O Soul, my Brother?  
What would you do within?  
Bar door and window that none may see:  
That alone we may be  
(Alone! face to face,  
In that flame-lit place!)  
When first we begin  
To speak one with another.

Evelyn Underhill.  
The Nation.

## BURNING OFF.

They're burning off in the Rampadells:  
The tawny flames uprise  
With greedy licking around the trees;  
The fierce breath sears our eyes.

From cores already grown furnace-hot—  
The logs are well alight;  
We throw more wood where the flameless heart  
Is throbbing red and white.

The fire bites deep in that beating heart,  
The creamy smoke-wreaths ooze  
From cracks and knot-holes along the trunk,  
And melt in grays and blues.

And when the moon has gone from the sky,  
And night has settled down,  
A red glare shows from the Rampadells  
Grim as a burning town.

Full seven fathoms above the rest  
A tree stands, great and old;  
A red-hot column whence fly the sparks,  
One ceaseless shower of gold.

All hail the king of the fire before  
He sway and crack and crash  
To earth—for surely tomorrow's sun  
Will see but white fine ash.

The king in his robe of falling stars  
No more shall leave behind,  
And where he stood with his silent court  
The wheat shall bow to the wind.

Dorothea Mackellar.  
The Spectator.

## VALE.

I am for ever haunted by one dread,  
That I may suddenly be swept away,  
Nor have the leave to see you, and to say  
Good-bye; then this is what I would have said:

I have loved summer and the longest day;  
The leaves of June, the slumberous film of heat,  
The bees, the swallow, and the waving wheat,  
The whistling of the mowers in the hay.

I have loved words which lift the soul with wings,  
Words that are windows to eternal things.  
I have loved souls that to themselves are true,

Who cannot stoop and know not how to fear,  
Yet hold the talisman of pity's tear:  
I have loved these because I have loved you.

Maurice Baring.

## SIDE LIGHTS ON THE NATIONAL ECONOMY AND PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

If Milton could describe Paradise, which, unless we believe in the migration of souls, he certainly never saw: if Schiller, who never left his German native land, could so wonderfully describe the Swiss landscapes: and if, on the other hand, we remember the Greek saying that nothing is so difficult as to know oneself, in spite of the fact that one never leaves oneself for a second while life lasts—then we may conclude that it is the more easy to describe things the less one knows of them. And there is something true in this paradox. The more superficially we come into contact with men and their surroundings the more apparent will be their peculiarities.

The modern means of communication bring nations so close together that their habits and customs become almost one, and it has become difficult to show wherein exactly the differences lie. It may therefore seem presumptuous to want to speak about the English. For many years a stream of travellers has flowed across the Straits of Dover and the North Sea and emptied itself into our country, in consequence of which our upper classes are steeped in English customs. We "lunch," we take "five o'clock tea" with "toast," we play "golf," "cricket," "lawn tennis," and "bridge"; we watch "football matches," and, after dinner, for which we have put on our dinner jackets, we drink our "brandy and soda" in the "hall" or the "bar." In summer we go to a "garden party," in winter to a "rout," and at Christmas we decorate our rooms with mistletoe. Our houses, too, are English, and our hygienic ideas we get from England. The high claims put forward by our working classes are of English origin, as are also our "strikes" and "inter-

views." And when we regard this strange fact from a higher plane, we see that nearly all Europe has adopted the English system of two Houses of Parliament. Nevertheless, I venture to say that we know less of the English than perhaps we do of the Patagonians, as these primitive creatures are easier to fathom than the complicated peculiarities of the English.

We Austrians, inhabitants of a country which can be traversed in a journey of thirty-six hours, can with difficulty picture to ourselves the British Empire, on which the sun never sets, and which contains 400,000,000 human beings. We, who for decades have been quarrelling and fighting without being able to settle our petty disputes at home, are lost in amazement when we contemplate a statesmanship which is able to give a form of constitution to the enlightened Hindus, the half-savage Kaffirs, the Egyptian Fellahin, and the clever Canadian French. Only men endowed with extraordinary characteristics could, under the most varied and difficult circumstances, exercise such power—which power, on its side, has to exercise a great influence on the formation of character and the conditions of life.

Education explains why it is that England has expanded so enormously during the last century. At school sport takes the first place, books the second. The development of the body is at the foundation of all education. Physical exercises give a boy a taste for adventure and equip him with energy, initiative, perseverance, calmness, self-confidence, and an extraordinary self-control.

In England the school, which prepares a man for the battle of life, strives to develop individuality and

character, and lays greater stress on these points than on scientific training. A twelve-year-old schoolboy there is much freer than an undergraduate is with us. He is inspired by the words, "Go ahead," "Help yourself." Sport keeps him simple, while at the same time it makes him an active, energetic and determined man. In England the ideal is independence—with us rank in the social scale.

As by rounding the fist and looking through the little opening one can take in a wide view, so little peculiarities and idioms in language can help one to understand a nation. For example, the German in old servility writes *Sie* (you) with a capital letter, and *ich* (I) with a small one. The Frenchman, son of a revolution which hoisted the flag of equality, writes both words with a small letter. The Englishman writes "you" (*Sie*) with a small and "I" (*ich*) with a big one. This self-consciousness shows itself also in another little way. If it is a question of calling someone's attention, the German, reckoning on curiosity, says "Hören Sie mal"—"Listen"; the Frenchman, knowing his countryman's love of gossip, "Dites donc"; the Englishman, proud and self-conscious, shouts, "I say!" implying "stop still!"

But education alone does not explain the spread of the English nation. The law of inheritance may help to account for it, too. In contrast to Continental laws, a father in England is not bound to provide for the future of his children. He may do as he likes with his possessions. The result is diverse. By the law of entail, that powerful aristocracy was created in which the eldest sons were brought up for public service, and, owing to their independence and freedom from all petty cares, were able to devote themselves entirely to the good of the nation. The example set by the nobility was copied by the middle class. Being convinced

that the initiative and desire for activity, both of which are inherent to the English national character, will develop in their children, the Englishman does not feel bound to leave wealth to his descendants, so it has become customary to leave the greater part, if not the whole of one's wealth, to the eldest son. This plan exercises a great influence on the younger members of the family. From earliest youth they have been brought up with the idea that if they are to enjoy at their father's death the comforts and luxuries to which they have been accustomed, they must provide them for themselves. Consequently the thought of a large family is not dreaded in England as it is on the Continent. In further consequence of this system of inheritance the daughters get next to no dowry—all the more reason, then, for the young men to make their way in the world, and by their own efforts to become independent, to get rich and to make their own home. Realizing, too, that trade and industry are the foundations of the Empire, the commercial class reaches a high position.

A further reason for the aggrandizement of the Empire lies in the national pride, which fills the breast of every English subject. The Englishman has adopted for his motto "Civis Romanus sum." An action like that of Lord Palmerston's—who in the 'fifties threatened to intervene with the English fleet and was ready to provoke a European war, when Greece refused rights to an English subject, the Jewish merchant, Don Pacifico—confirms in a wonderful way the prestige of the Empire, and allows immense countries to be governed by incredibly small means.

Amongst all the English characteristics practicalness takes the first place. It is apparent on all occasions. For example, with duelling—which he, however, discourages on religious

grounds—an Englishman has no sympathy; he simply cannot understand how an insult can be avenged by the person insulted exposing himself to the possibility of being shot or of becoming a cripple. A court of justice settles the question, and the award of damages is the penalty; the amount of this compensation (damages 10,000*l.* are not uncommon) proves a far more efficacious means against slander than the fear of a sword thrust. In contrast with the Frenchman, who tries to get rich by saving, the Englishman thinks of becoming rich by working; and as he requires much money to be comfortable, he provides for the future by insurance. We, who are not so economical as the French, and not so speculative and industrious as the English, depend for wealth on chance or on the lottery numbers which we have seen in our dreams. In England State lotteries have not been allowed for three generations. And as we, with our easy-going character, do not like to think anxiously of the morrow, we seldom burden our budget with insurance premiums. The life insurance premiums amounted with us in 1909 to 3129 compared with 18,236 million crowns in England.

Another characteristic of the Englishman is his faculty for saving time, and thereby avoiding what is unnecessary and useless. What a difference there is in concluding a simple letter! We require for that three lines, whilst the English use only the two words "yours truly."

Time is money. I remember being struck by an Englishman arranging an interview for 11.27, not half-past eleven.

The way in which lunch is taken at Pimm's, Lyons', or at other restaurants in the City, enables us to understand the importance of business in this centre of the world's trade. Standing, a man devours a few sandwiches; some

Sybarites may indulge in a hot dish whilst sitting on a stool, but this stool has only three legs, and is so high and uncomfortable that one cannot endure it more than five minutes. A Turkish proverb says: Better sit than stand, better lie than sit, better be dead than lie. The energetic Anglo-Saxon would, however, say: Better stand than sit, better walk than stand, and (if we include America) better run than walk. The portrait of an Englishman would be incomplete if his ease of manner were not mentioned. He is always perfectly natural, never mind to what high official or dignitary he may be speaking. The servile manner of address, using the third person plural instead of the second person, which is so customary with our lower classes, when speaking to those socially above them, is unknown in England.

In the English Parliament—where it may be incidentally remarked the members sit with their hats on—the speaker, when he rises to address the House, speaks straight to the point without any artificial preamble—and with his hands in his pockets. An English audience is serious, unassuming, and not nearly so alarming as a foreign one. In 1873 I attended a meeting in London of the shareholders of the Rustchuff-Varna Railway, with which I, in the name of the Oriental Railways, had made a contract. The chairman, not being able to answer all the questions put to him by the shareholders, proposed simply to the assembly that I should appear on the platform. Not for one moment did I feel in any way embarrassed, although reporters were in front of me, and my knowledge of the language was anything but complete. A short time afterwards, I was commissioned by my chief to speak here in Vienna to a representative assembly from the Austrian-Ottoman Bank on the amalgamation of that company with the Ottoman

Bank. After the meeting someone expressed his astonishment that I appeared so hot, because I had fanned myself so incessantly—but the agitation of the report in my hand was due to nervousness, not to heat.

We have nothing here to compare with the amount of charities which are frequently met with in England, and which are started owing to the enormous difference between the great wealth and the incredible poverty. Thousands of people devote themselves systematically to relieving the poor. In *Whitaker's Almanack* for 1910 I found a list of eighty-four charity bequests ranging from 10,000*l.* to 500,000*l.*; they amounted to 3,652,000*l.*, and represented 23 per cent. of the total sum left. Glancing cursorily through the *Charity Register* of 1910, I gathered that the receipts of the charitable institutions in London, including the Bible and Missionary Societies, amounted to 8,500,000*l.*

To characterize a nation without mentioning the "woman" would be building a house without a roof or a foundation. What distinguishes a lady of the higher and upper middle classes in England from her sister abroad is her independence, due on the one hand to the respect which she enjoys and which allows no man to approach her but with the greatest deference, and prevents him using a coarse word in her presence—and, on the other, to her athletic upbringing, which removes all ideas of helplessness and timidity, so often attributed to the feminine sex. The young girl goes out alone, and unmolested and unharmed visits her relations in India and Canada. Intelligence and common sense, gracefulness and feminine charm, a lack of coquettishness and affectation are the characteristics of the refined English *lady*, which word, like that of *gentleman*, includes a long series of good qualities. The English lady treats social life more

as duty than as pleasure; she takes a keen interest in politics, and many a member of Parliament owes his privilege of being allowed to put M.P. after his name to the influence of his wife among the electors.

English women have greater capacity for enjoying solitude and occupying themselves with the duties of their surroundings than those on the Continent. They accustom themselves easily to leading a country life, whilst the Parisian and the Viennese (who resemble each other so much) often prevent their husbands retiring from business and living in the country.

Strongly marked individuality, natural need for independence, lack of wealth, which latter often obliges the daughters of good families to earn their living, enable women of the upper middle classes to take a more prominent position in the world than do women in foreign countries. Ladies as doctors, journalists, nurses, heads of business houses, are often to be met with. English women have proved in various ways that they have had their share in rendering the Anglo-Saxon race efficient and thorough. English laws give married women rights as to their property, and for the last twenty years they have been allowed to have a vote in municipal elections. We have only to refer to the suffragette movement as evidence of their wish to have a parliamentary vote also.

It is not possible to speak about English peculiarities without mentioning "snobbery"—this word cannot be translated, which proves it to be essentially English. The social division of classes is more intricate in England than anywhere else. In each of the three divisions—upper, middle, and working classes—are a number of sub-divisions. With the exception of a few learned men who have acquired importance, the boundary is settled by the amount of income. The workman who earns

50s. a week feels himself vastly superior to one who gets 30s.; he, again, ranks higher than a day laborer. The same difference is to be found among commercial people and aristocrats. Somewhere or other I have come across the word *Gesellschaftspyramide*, which describes exactly the social differences in England. The democratic feeling in that country makes it possible for everyone and anyone to reach the summit of the pyramid—hence the characteristic but untranslatable word “pushing,” with its meaning of striding forward, and getting higher, or at least appearing to do so.

The German undergraduate gladly wears his cap and sash to proclaim himself a student; the French workman feels his importance in his blue blouse; the Englishman, on the other hand, imitates in dress those above him in station. The omnibus driver wears (or, rather, wore) a frock coat and top hat, like his passengers, and everywhere, and especially on Sundays, we meet women of the lower classes wearing the cast-off, smart but shabby, velvet and silk dresses of their mistresses, which strikes us as peculiar. This snobbishness has a great influence on English life. The growth of London is directly due to it—the middle classes wish to live in a house of their own, and if France sends yearly to England eggs to the value of 15,000,000 francs, it is because the wife of the small English farmer is more taken up with imitating her betters in her “drawing-room” than in looking after her poultry yard.

I can find no psychological explanation for the extraordinary fact that the Englishman, the *beau-ideal* of common sense and cool headedness, should so strive after extremes. Everything in England becomes enormous; the population of its capital is greater than that of all the large towns in Austria-Hungary together. The unit of money—

the pound sterling—is twenty-four times bigger than ours. Boundless is the respect for forms and conventions—take, for example, their unpractical weights, measures, and coinage. The Englishman calls his home—a narrow, ugly building with three windows in front—his “castle”; his park with an area of fifty hectares is, however, his “garden.” Nowhere in the world are contrasts so striking as in England. The riches and refinement of the “West End” are in alarming contrast to the poverty and squalor of the 500,000 inhabitants of the “East End.” The City resembles in the daytime an ant-heap—at night a churchyard. The theatres produce either works by the almost divine Shakespeare, or incredibly insipid and sensational pieces. Terribly stiff with the stranger, the Englishman is, on the other hand, without his equal in charm of manner with anyone brought to his home—he is either foe or friend. Although strict in his views on morality (we may recall the ostracism of Byron, Parnell, Gorki, and others) he is otherwise extraordinarily free; anyone is allowed to put up a platform in the open air in fashionable Hyde Park, and to hold forth there his political or religious views. Easy as it is to get married in England, it is excessively difficult and expensive to get divorced. Comfortable and refined as a London house is inside, utterly sad is the impression of a London street, with its monotonous, inartistic rows of houses, which seem to be made of pasteboard. *Punch* has cleverly caricatured this. A tenant was showing his landlord a wall in his house which had tumbled down. The owner thought for a long time what could have caused the damage, and at last exclaimed: “I’ll wager some one leaned against it.”

I will now glance rapidly at the political situation in the island. With

only a slight knowledge of the English one might think them the easiest nation to describe, but that would be a mistake. Easy as it might be to understand the English individual, it is difficult to determine the British national character. The national economy is not identical with the sum of the individual economies, nor is the character of the nation the same as the character of the individual—otherwise many things which we see happening in the United Kingdom would be inexplicable to us; notably the obsession as to invasion which has been lying like a ton weight on millions of Englishmen, as though their island were encircled by German ships of war. This fear of invasion amounting to paroxysm is a sign of overstrung nerves, in consequence of which one imagines dangers coming from every direction but the right one. Truly hysterical was that dread of Germany, which even appeared in some of the best newspapers, and caused a member in the House to ask the Minister for War whether he was aware that near Charing Cross 50,000 Mauser rifles and 7,500,000 cartridges were concealed, and that in England there were 66,000 trained German soldiers. No less surprising is it to hear a Minister in office in England, that country which reverences ancient institutions so highly, declare in referring to the aristocracy, of which the country is rightly proud, that "money is like a heap of manure, which to be useful must be scattered abroad."

To understand these proceedings it will be necessary to take a general view of the situation in England, and thereby endeavor to understand the importance of those very diverse and difficult problems—economic, military, social and agricultural—which press for a solution.

When a man who generally enjoys robust health falls ill in middle life,

the germs of disease, which have been dormant in his constitution for a long time, are apt to develop in consequence of enfeebled powers of resistance. The British Empire appears to be in a similar condition; for, as by a magic stroke, problems which have been long slumbering have come forward into the light. If we look for the causes which have disturbed the condition of political peace, enjoyed for so many years, we must recognize and acknowledge the recent changes in the political and agricultural conditions of H<sup>er</sup>.

Until lately, political life in England has been characterized, not so much by striking events—such as have come into prominence abroad—but rather by lack of them. National, social, and economic problems seem to have been solved there by parliamentary reform at home. During the fifty years since the Indian Mutiny, no great disturbances have arisen in the vast empire. It almost seemed as if the movement which aimed at uprooting nations, and which was the characteristic sign of the latter half of the last century, would stop short on the borders of the British Empire—for the Irish question was not one of language, but of agrarian laws and Home Rule after religious difficulties had been settled by the Catholic Emancipation Act. When the generals of the Victorian age could dare to summon for their South African campaign picked troops from India—where 20,000 English hold sway over natives 10,000 times greater in number—a burst of admiration went through the whole civilized world in realizing the statesmanship of the Island Empire, which apparently had answered the one great question of the century. England also seemed free from the second political anxiety, which was disturbing other countries. A social question which occupied men's minds abroad—a labor party de-

manding recognition—did not arise there; the two political parties—Conservative and Liberal—succeeded one another as they had done for centuries. Constitutional principles were able also to influence economic life, as was proved by Chambers of Commerce and Boards for settling labor disputes. The vast political and economic freedom, the sharp separation between the educated and uneducated artisans, the high wage of the former seemed to bridge over the chasm between capital and labor. England was the country of social freedom without a Socialistic current.

A third force gave England—compared with other Powers—a splendid isolation. No trace was discernible there of the strong agrarian agitation so evident on the Continent. For more than a hundred years the United Kingdom had placed its entire foreign and home political economy at the service of trade, manufactures and finance—had sacrificed home agriculture to superior foreign competition and had given up supplying its markets with home produce. The proportion of home-grown corn to the total consumption of grain and flour has sunk to 14 per cent. It sounds like a myth to say so, but England was the first country, two hundred years before ever Germany did so, to introduce a duty on imported corn, and far into the nineteenth century it was able to grow at home all the grain it needed. The depreciation in the value of corn in England in the nineteenth century is without parallel in the history of the world. The value of agricultural soil in the United Kingdom has sunk enormously, and in spite of their great political influence in the House of Lords, the English landowners have accepted this fact with a certain fatalism.

Up to the beginning of the eighties the Liberal commercial policy was a success. Other nations imitated the

example of Free Trade, and English goods—unrivalled—found markets all over the world. In contrast to the world-power of Napoleon and its closing of frontiers, the policy of England was that of the "open door." Her political supremacy appeared to enable her to dispense with every economic weapon and to menace the interests of no other nation. On that rests the unheard-of prestige which Great Britain enjoyed at that time. When Free Trade proved such a success, England, whose Colonies were of such great value, was the only great agricultural domain in the world; its vast manufacturing superiority, too, made legal limitations to foreign competition superfluous.

But matters have altered since three new great commercial countries have arisen outside the British Empire, whose economic legislation, with increasing duties on imports, has hindered the introduction of English products into many great markets.

The war of American Independence having ended, the first disloyal colony developed an industrial importance the extent of which had been only dimly predicted by the genius of Goethe. Situated conveniently between two oceans, having the monopoly of growing cotton, and with an inexhaustible supply of coal and other minerals, the United States have become the first commercial country of the present day. A great industrial movement set in in Germany, and in less than one generation America and Germany have not only overtaken British trade—in spite of England's long start—but have in a great measure passed it, and with astonishing success are even running it close in its own Colonies. The exports of Germany to Great Britain and the English Colonies in 1900 amounted to 18 per cent. of the total German output, and even Austria could send goods there valued at 323,000,000 crowns.

Another country is building itself slowly to commercial importance, viz., Russia. This huge Empire, stretching from the Arctic Ocean to the regions where grow palms and cotton plants, has by systematic means of communication and economic policy acquired recognition in trade. The policy of the United States and Russia is based on entirely other foundations than that of England, namely, high tariffs and autocracy. By prohibitive duties they have endeavored to supply the home markets with home produce, agricultural and industrial. In democratic America no less than in despotic Russia the traveller has to undergo as searching and humiliating an examination as any criminal. During the last twenty years English imports have practically been shut out from two of the largest commercial countries, and the expectation that other countries would compensate England for admitting their goods free of duty has not been realized. The other hypothesis of Free Trade has also shown signs of weakness; not only has England's unique position in trade been lost, but even her prominence among other countries is threatened. Her superiority in all technical branches has passed over to Germany. The proportion of pig iron has increased since 1880: in England from 7,749,000 tons to 10,000,000, i.e., 30 per cent.; in Germany from 2,713,000 tons to 14,793,000, i.e., 450 per cent. In a more striking manner Germany has surpassed England in its production of ingot iron and steel, as well as in chemical and electro-technical manufactures. Only in certain branches—in machinery, and especially in textiles and shipbuilding—has England a very decided start. Belgium, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Japan, and China are creeping slowly forward, and everywhere English trade meets with customs boundaries which threaten to increase.

In the gross total of English exports in the year 1909 33 per cent. went to the Colonies, 42 per cent. to Mexico, Central America, South America, China, Turkey (countries more or less influenced by free competition) and 25 per cent. to Middle Europe, Russia, and the U.S.A.

In the meantime this industrial agitation had left its traces in the Colonies. India, Australia, and Canada had begun to further their own interests, and in the two last-named taxes on imports were levied. The advantages offered by the Colonies to England, as regards the duties to be paid, were not great, because the Motherland had nothing to offer in return. England therefore took refuge in the principle of influencing the Colonies by its policy of credit and by its power of capital. By bestowing a pupillary security for the value of the Colonies, she has procured for herself the possibility of exercising pressure in trade transactions. Whilst reducing loans to those countries which were outside the sphere of British influence, we have seen this method, which private capital adopted, also tried in France, where the Government limits entrance to French money markets to grants of a political, commercial, or industrial nature. To satisfy the whole world is no longer possible. A doubt in the infallibility of the Liberal doctrine, regarded as sacred for nearly half a century, arose strongest on the question of trade, and the Imperialism which flamed forth towards the end of the last century is really nothing else but a sharp criticism of the traditional English economic policy and its vitality.

In close connection with the commercial and Imperial question stands the military one. Until late in the nineteenth century England was the only country whose Budget was capa-

ble of producing the sum necessary for maintaining a large fleet—the Army being of small expense—and whose manufactures had so far advanced that it was able to provide the fleet with the newest inventions. But all this has changed; other countries have been able to increase their revenues from different sources, and to add to their trade. Meanwhile the U.S.A., the German Empire, and Japan have become first-class Powers, and they take a great national interest in the command of the sea, and are competing severely in the building of warships, so that England with the greatest difficulty will be able to hold its own on the ocean—all the more because countries not generally reckoned as maritime, such as Austria-Hungary and Italy, feel themselves obliged to take part in naval and war preparations. The never-ceasing number of inventions causes the start made in times past to appear illusory and almost makes it necessary to rebuild the fleet completely every ten years, in which work that country will take the lead which not only can meet the expense but also possesses the newest technical improvements.

In both directions England is in danger in the course of time of being overtaken by other countries. Even to-day the Budget figures of the confederated States and of the German Empire are higher than those of Great Britain. The total receipts of the German Empire and of the confederated States amounted in 1910 to 7,176,000,000 marks, whilst in Great Britain the total sum was only 4,052,000,000 marks. The direct taxes per head in 1907 in Great Britain amounted in marks to 45.6, compared with only 24.8 in Germany: duties on articles of consumption amounted to 31.7 in Great Britain and 19.6 in Germany; and dues, 15.8 in Great Britain, 5 only in Germany.

This situation of affairs is due to the

difference between the English Liberal financial policy and that of State-Socialism in Germany. Nearly half of the revenue in Germany provided by the confederated States is derived from the railways and crown lands, whilst England is obliged to depend entirely on her customs and taxes; added to this she has to pay almost entirely alone the expenses incurred in protecting and strengthening her Colonies.

In contrast to former times, the chief anxiety also of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in England is to discover new objects on which to levy taxes, and the expenditure for the maintenance of the fleet has reached a height which even in that rich country is anything but appreciated.

But the question of the fleet is not so difficult as that of the English Army; even if it were possible for the former to maintain its superiority, it seems impossible to create a real Army in England. The increase of capital has almost done away with the peasant class, and without peasants no army can exist.

From these various facts one can explain the increasing dread felt towards Germany, whose trade, finding "closed doors" both in Russia and the U.S.A., seeks, like England, an outlet for its exports in other parts of the world, including the British Colonies. Political, financial, and economic reasons are forcing England to alter her relationship with her Colonies, and Germany would be the country most seriously affected. It is not, therefore, unnatural that a certain anxiety should exist in these two countries—as the conflict arising from such profound interests must influence the opinions of men in determining the economic question. The strategic aspect must also be considered. Germany can concentrate its fleet within sight of England, whilst the Mother Country, to preserve her interests, must dominate not only the At-

lantic but also the Mediterranean Sea, the Indian and the Pacific Oceans.

It has also come about that the parties, which till now have been organized mainly from the political point of view, are beginning to divide on social and class questions.

Capitalism has reached its high-water mark in the British Empire; in agriculture, as in manufactures and trade, it had been fully and universally developed there before even foundations had been laid in other countries. Owing to his English experiences, Karl Marx wrote that great and strange work which has become the modern Bible for the labor class on the Continent—on the Continent, not in England. In considering the development of manufactures, one would have concluded that a Labor party would have appeared in England at least a generation before it appeared with us. As a fact, it appeared a generation later. Long ago England was aware of the abuses caused in the way of producing goods for the great capitalists. Cotton goods in Lancashire—the pride of England—were made largely by women, but principally by children, whose pitiable overwrought condition found an echo in the pathos of Carlyle and in the dramatic appeals of Marx and Engel. England possessed cruel laws against combination, and for years watched these laws being misconstrued and administered in a harsh and inconsiderate manner. However, without having recourse to a revolution, a way was found by the making of factory laws to escape from this paid white slavery in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and by a remarkable and unique system of labor unions to evade the prohibitory laws. The Chartist movement brought England near to a revolution, but already, through the Reform Bill and Anti Corn Laws—the propaganda of the reformers, Cobden and Bright—the points of contact be-

tween the middle classes and the working classes had become too important and too numerous for the Chartist to be able to realize his ideal of a complete political democracy. A new generation of artisans grew up, who, under the influence of the teachings of political economists and reformers, sought for an improvement in their position by organized self-help. Then began the period of trade unions, with their relief clubs and the substitution of trade union tactics for class struggles. For decades the working classes of England were unfamiliar with the central thought of Continental Socialism, the endeavor to gain political power by improving, and if possible re-organizing, the economic condition of the working classes. To the middle of the 'eighties the principle of *laissez-faire* was the political and social creed of the trade unions' leaders. Ten years later a new spirit of socialistic ideas predominated in the union-congresses of the Socialistic party.

Henry George shook the artisans up, the writings of Marx were scattered abroad, and the uneducated workpeople organized themselves. The Fabian Society encouraged also the socialistic tendencies of the members of the *bourgeoisie*. But scarcely had this new spirit in the working classes gained recognition, when youth and strength flowed towards Parliament and municipalities, and a Labor party arose in the House of Commons, with Socialistic views. As long as English manufacturers ruled the markets of the world, the working class—especially the educated artisans—were fully occupied and received sufficient wage, but developments during the last century have changed all that. British trade has not grown in proportion to its population. English capital has sought and found its sphere of activity principally in the Colonies. The number of commercial ventures which have arisen

in India and Australia is very considerable, and although the English capitalist reaps the benefit of these, the English workman derives no profit. The Mother Country is increasingly becoming transformed from a preponderatingly industrial into a trading, navigating, and even partly into a merely investing State, owing to the commercial policy of foreign countries, and the development of Colonial industries. The vast use and improvement in machinery has tended to lessen the number of workmen employed in the manufacture of English goods. Take, for example, the manufacture of textiles. Although the value of the production during the last fifty years has risen from 110,000,000*l.*, to 205,000,000*l.*, the number of workmen employed decreased from 1,500,000 to 1,300,000. In spite of the extraordinary development in this important branch of British industry, 6,700,000 fewer people (including members of families) are in employment than was the case half a century ago. The backwardness in many branches of industry, owing to foreign competition, has become painfully apparent to the English, and during the last ten years desperate efforts have been made to regain ground lost. The superiority of German manufactures has been ascribed often to better preparation at school, consequently a reform in education was planned, and the sum voted for it was enormous. To protect trade all German-manufactured articles had to be marked "Made in Germany." A law relating to patents was passed which brought about the creation of a number of foreign branch establishments. But all these precautions could not bring back to the British Empire its lost commercial pre-eminence.

The times of abundant employment for the whole of the working classes is over even in England, and the numbers of the unemployed are increasing. It

remains to be seen whether the settlement of the labor question, the economic policy of the Government, and the Poor Laws will succeed in solving the difficulty. Already once before the island kingdom has been face to face with the same question, namely, at the beginning of the last century, when Malthus devised his gloomy doctrine and Goethe regarded the reclaiming of land from the sea as the crowning ideal in *Faust's* life-purpose. At that time British genius found a way out of the difficulty. Principally by means of English capital large territories beyond the sea were made accessible for farming, and the products were admitted to England free of duty. Today the question is a more knotty one; it is as much a problem of production as of distribution. The problem is how to increase industrial productivity and markets in spite of the protective duties of other large States in proportion to the growth of the population, to encourage agriculture in the oversea dominions, and to check the growing disproportion between machinery and wage capital.

It is impossible to speak about English political economy without at least alluding in a few words to their credit system and their national debt. The typical spread of the cheque system has replaced the use of paper money, and has given to their money market a wider range than is the case in any other country. Almost two hundred years ago, long before the Continental banks were founded, England had made use of cheques, and the banking facilities there are considerably greater than anywhere on the Continent. Many of the leading English deposit banks have the control over more than 6,700 business houses.

And yet just in this wonderful arrangement for supplying the want of ready money there is a danger. The whole great money market rests on the

narrow gold reserve of the Bank of England. London is still the only place in the world where one really receives gold, and therefore if there is a dearth in money loans, the Bank of England is the first to be exposed to an attack on its reserve. But although this Bank is to meet the claims of all the world's markets, and is to serve as the foundation for all deposits, yet it is considerably smaller in its reserve funds than, for example, the Austro-Hungarian Bank. Herein we have an explanation of the frequent changes in the English bank-rate during the last ten years.

Striking is the energy displayed in England in paying off the National Debt. The nineteenth century lay as a burden on the rising generation in Germany; in England it was just the contrary. The English National Debt is 200,000,000*l.* smaller than a hundred years ago. It is extraordinary that the British nation, in the middle of building Dreadnoughts, were able to pay off in one year 15,000,000*l.* borrowed during the Boer War. In strange contrast to this is the great fall in the value of Consols, which is at present lower than at any time since the Napoleonic wars. This may be partly explained by Goschen's conversion of them, and by the South African War; but mainly by the privilege given to a large category of colonial investments.

Since the time of the Romans no other nation has succeeded in striding across the earth and maintaining its mastery over far-reaching empires in different continents. But in contrast to what happened in the Roman Empire, there appears to be no sign of decadence either in the political or the social condition of England. The vigor and thoroughness of the race, the dignity of the individual, seem rather to have strengthened with time. No other nation has done so much in

spreading what we call civilization, by the way in which it has intervened in developing the prospects of less prosperous countries and in ameliorating the lot of the people. England, with her wonderful statesmanship, in spreading education and a love of justice, has wrought inestimable benefits to mankind. Although her economic supremacy was not accompanied by an abundance of artists, as was the case in the Italian towns, in Spain and in the Netherlands, yet Great Britain, after acquiring political and commercial importance in the Victorian era, exercised through men like Carlyle, Darwin, Spencer and many others, the strongest influence on the development of intellectual life. Only in the narrower sphere of the plastic arts must England give place to the Continent, except, perhaps, in the domain of applied arts for satisfying the practical necessities of life.

The Empire—parts of which are united by the slenderest threads—rests on the foundation of unquestioned mastery at sea and on the peace of the world; hence the nervousness displayed by England on account of the naval and warlike preparations of other countries. Modern capitalism almost resembles a house of cards, which will fall down if one card is taken out. The narrow gold reserve, on which a huge credit system is built up, the dependence of the Mother Country on foreign imports, the great national movements in the Colonies, the decrease in employment of labor in manufactures, the formation of strong foreign fleets, the necessity for introducing universal military service, the great change in the old traditional Constitution by reforming the Upper House—are all problems of such deep importance that no nation has so far had to solve them all at the same time. Already the hold over Ireland is beginning to slacken, in spite of the pressure used

for more than a hundred years, and Home Rule is within easy reach. Other changes will follow, and the coming generations will experience a fundamental change in old forms, which we to-day are only dimly sus-

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pecting, without being able to picture to ourselves what will accrue in the fate of nations and the culture of the future.

*Charles Morawitz.*

*Vienna.*

### MRS. RAWDON CRAWLEY.

The woman whose brilliant figure lives immortal in the pages of *Vanity Fair*—that great novel “without a hero” but assuredly not without a heroine—found occasion to observe that she was often misunderstood in the course of her adventurous career. Perhaps the misunderstanding was natural to those who were brought into contact with her, for Becky Sharp was a dangerous little person to touch; but we, who can suffer no more from her perilous arts, may deal with her more liberally, and even utter our protest against the hasty judgments which criticism has too often passed upon her. Mr. Charles Whibley, for example, thinks that she is only a specimen of the “incarnate minx,” and the portrait of her no more than a piece of savage satire. And the excellent Anthony Trollope was pleased to allude to her in this agreeable fashion:—“To the end she is the same—utterly false, selfish, covetous and successful. To have made such a woman really in love would have been a mistake. Her husband she likes best because he is or was her own; but there is no man so foul, so wicked, so unattractive but that she can fawn over him for money or jewels. There are women to whom nothing is nasty either in persons, language, scenes, actions or principle, and Becky is one of them.” Yet even this harsh censor admits that she is “attractive.” I should think she is “attractive”; and those of us who have felt her attractions (and who that has

pondered over the great Victorian tragi-comedy has not?) may repudiate these acrimonious attempts to sum up a wonderfully complex character in a libellous phrase or a few malignant sentences.

No work of art can be disposed of by this rough method; and *Rebecca*, whatever else she may be, is assuredly a work of art. It is not enough to say that she was Thackeray’s idea of what a bad woman ought to be, just as *Amelia* was his ideal of feminine goodness. As to the latter point, it is true that Thackeray himself sometimes encouraged the notion, especially when he was writing to the lady who supposed herself to be the original of *Amelia Sedley*. I used to know that lady in the closing years of her life, and I never could suppose that she, who at seventy was a woman of infinite charm, vivacity, spirit, and intelligence, could ever have borne a resemblance to poor little Emmy. Goodness belongs to the brain as well as the heart; it does not consist merely in blind fidelity and unreasoning affection and patient submissiveness; it does really require some admixture of courage, intellect, gratitude, and generosity. The fact is that though Thackeray was rather fond of *Amelia*, he saw that she was a cramped, narrow-minded, incomplete example of her sex, and he had a certain contempt for her. “Oh, Mr. Thackeray,” said a lady to him one day when *Vanity Fair* was being published; “you must let Dobbin marry

Amelia." "Well," he replied, "he shall; and when he has got her, he will not find her worth having." We ought not to forget that Thackeray was a satirist, as well as a painter, of manners. Amelia seems to me a satire on the conventional theory of feminine virtue which prevailed sixty years ago. She is the traditional good woman of the poets and novelists reduced to an absurdity. The satire in her case is quite as keen as that employed in the delineation of her rival, and rather more effective.

But there is some excuse for misunderstanding the author's meaning, for *Vanity Fair* is rather a puzzling work. More than most of Thackeray's novels it suffers from a certain formlessness and absence of systematic design; it is full of inconsistencies, contradictions, and obvious changes of plan. But then, as we know, Thackeray did not lay out the scheme of a novel very carefully beforehand; he formed a general conception of the plot in his own mind, and after that allowed the characters to work it out for him as they went along. When he took the pen in his hand he gave himself up to a kind of automatic writing; the instrument ran away with him and often surprised him by its unexpected motions. "I do not control my characters," he said; "I am in their hands, and they take me where they please"; and when somebody said to him, "There is probably more in your novels than you are aware of," he replied, "Yes; I have no idea where it all comes from. I have never seen the persons I describe nor heard the conversations put down. I am often astonished to read it myself when I have got it on paper."

Tendencies of this sort would naturally be most noticeable when a novel was published in numbers, which was the case with *Vanity Fair*. Thackeray was seldom far ahead of the printers, and we can understand—indeed, we

know—that he often wrote enough matter to fill a single number without any clear idea of what was to follow. Too much, however, is made of this. Thackeray's dilatoriness and indolence have been exaggerated. His actual output during the twenty years of his main literary activity was prodigious, and bears witness to an industry which the most prolific of our latter-day producers of attenuated fiction in large type might envy. *Vanity Fair* alone has as much matter in it as about four average modern six-shilling novels.

Nevertheless the book is a mixture of methods and styles. It was the author's first long full-dress novel, and he had not as yet quite settled into his narrative manner, as perfected subsequently in *The Newcomes* and *Esmond*. So far he had been busily occupied as a contributor to periodical publications, and an active miscellaneous writer; and though he had attempted fiction, and completed one splendid story, he had employed himself chiefly with caricature, burlesque, satire, and humorous moralizing. Of all these activities *Vanity Fair* bears the traces. It is not so much a novel as a series of pictures of contemporary manners, strung together without any very close relation to the main plot. Indeed, there are two separate stories, and the author does not always remember which he is telling. The treatment of some of the characters belongs to that realm of farce, extravaganza, and parody, which he had explored in the Yellowplush and *Fitzboodle* Papers, and in many of his contributions to *Punch* and *Fraser*. There may have been (Thackeray declared there was) a baronet and country gentleman alive in England in 1847 as coarse and ignorant as Sir Pitt Crawley. But it is impossible to accept the Marquess of Steyne as a correct reproduction either of a man or a type, especially when we remember Disraeli's much more fin-

ished study from the same original in *Coningsby*. In Thackeray, Steyne is a mere bogey or stage ogre, the wicked nobleman of melodrama. Then, too, the whole Crawley family is touched with caricature, and so is Jos Sedley; for one cannot suppose that a highly placed servant of the East India Company at the beginning of the last century could have been quite so gross, and vain, and stupid, and cowardly. On the other hand, the description of Mr. and Mrs. Sedley, after their ruin, is full of a quiet pathos, absolutely without a touch of grotesqueness or extravagance, such as Balzac himself could not have surpassed. The critics of *Vanity Fair* do not always remember that satire, caricature, and burlesque jostle against realism in its pages, and that a single character is sometimes exposed to all these influences.

In the entire gallery the figure of Rebecca Sharp is the most vital; there is nobody quite so much alive in all the works of Thackeray, I would almost say in all the literature of the nineteenth century. To dwell upon the skill with which she is drawn would be superfluous. But Becky has an interest that stands apart from her own vivid, dauntless, irresistible little personality. She is the first embodiment in English fiction of the woman whose emotions are dominated by her intellect. That is a type with which we are now very well acquainted; perhaps, indeed, we get a little too much of it in modern fiction; but in the year 1847 it was only beginning to be recognized and had never been drawn with strong colors and bold lines.

Thackeray has been called sometimes a cynic and sometimes a pessimist. In his own opinion he was an uncompromising realist in the sense that he preferred to look at the facts of life, to see things as they are, and to decline to be deceived by illusions and tradi-

tions. In those of his earlier writings which immediately preceded the publication of *Vanity Fair* he was occupied in a kind of literary warfare, a light-hearted but unsparing contest with Romanticism and Sentimentality. Upon the paste-board helmets and buckram shields of those fashionable giants the keen shafts of his wit, satire, humor, and fancy rattled incessantly. The *Yellowplush Papers*, most of the earlier contributions to *Fraser* and *Punch*, the burlesques, the ballads, *Lovel the Widower*, the *Book of Snobs*, *Barry Lyndon*, *Catherine*, are weapons in this assault. We know his famous vindication of his own art:—

I cannot help telling the truth as I view it and describing what I see. To describe it otherwise than it seems to me would be falsehood in that calling in which it has pleased Heaven to place me; treason to that conscience which says that men are weak; that truth must be told; that faults must be owned; that pardon must be prayed for; and that Love reigns supreme over all.

This, however, is the softened, himself somewhat over-sentimentalized, Thackeray of the later novels. In his earlier period he was in the destructive rather than the constructive mood: less inclined to preach the gospel of Love's supremacy than to rend and tear those who made love an ideal, woman a divinity, and man an amalgam of impossible virtues and vices. Though essentially a romancer himself, he hated the affectations and unrealities into which romanticism had drifted under Byronic and German influences. For Byronism he had a hearty contempt and aversion:—

"Give me," he said, "a fresh, dewy, healthy rose out of Somersetshire: not one of those superb, tawdry, unwholesome exotics, which are only good to make poems about. Lord Byron wrote more cant of this sort than any poet I know of. Think of the peasant girls

with dark blue eyes' of the Rhine—the brown-faced, thick-lipped, flat-nosed, dirty wenches! Think of 'filling high a cup of Samian wine'; small beer is nectar compared to it, and Byron himself always drank gin. That man never wrote from his heart. He got up rapture and enthusiasm with an eye to the public!"

Thackeray, in fact, represented that reaction towards reality which from time to time makes itself felt in our literature when it becomes over-saturated with sentiment, just as Swift and Defoe were a protest against the high-flown heroic dramas and tedious idyllic romances of the seventeenth century, as Fielding rescued the novel from the ethical falsities of Richardson, and Smollett was an antidote to Sterne; and just as under our own eyes a group of very able novelists and dramatists are writing with an uncompromising realism in order to emphasize their dissent from the literary conventions which still prevail with the great reading public. Mr. George Bernard Shaw—if I may be pardoned for dragging into this discussion the name of a self-effacing contemporary—Mr. Shaw, in one of his candid prefaces, has modestly explained that he is among the minute minority of persons endowed with a perfectly normal eyesight. That, he says, is why he startles people by calling things by their right names. We talk about white wine and the white man's burden; but Mr. Shaw, with his natural eyesight, knows that white wine is really yellow and white men mostly pink. It is only the veil of conventionality that makes us get the colors wrong. Thackeray was to that extent the G. B. S. of his day, if Mr. Shaw will condone the comparison. He declined to see things through any spectacles but his own. Sometimes this led him to curious aberrations of judgment. He went to a performance of "King Lear" and found the play a bore. "We are,"

he said, "the most superstitious people in England. It is almost blasphemy to say a play of Shakespeare is bad, but I can't help it. I think so, and there are other pieces of bookolatry which make me rebel."

In the 'forties of the last century, Thackeray, like Mr. Shaw sixty years later, was in insurrection not only against bookolatry but also against the book-made hero and heroine, and the false morality of the novels then in favor. The fashionable female writers, and above all, Bulwer Lytton and Harrison Ainsworth, had left their readers in a sort of mental fog, blurring the lines that divide vice from virtue, mixing up good and evil, losing all relation to actual life, making scoundrelism and profligacy poetical and interesting, and throwing a sympathetic halo about murderers, thieves and seducers. Even Dickens was not exempt from this reproach. Thackeray, a moralist and a preacher to the core, disliked all this paltering with the truth of things. He preferred the methods of Fielding. Mr. Lewis Melville, in that admirable biography which he has published for the edification of all Thackeray lovers, has usefully rescued from oblivion a review of Fielding which Thackeray contributed to a newspaper in 1840. "Vice," it is said in this article, "is never to be mistaken for virtue in Fielding's honest, downright books; it goes by its name and invariably gets its punishment. See the consequences of honesty! Many a squeamish lady of our time would throw down one of these romances with horror, but would go through every page of Mr. Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard* with perfect comfort to herself. Mr. Ainsworth dares not paint his hero as the scoundrel he knew him to be; he must keep his brutalities in the background, else the public morals will be outraged, and so he produces a book quite absurd

and unreal, and infinitely more immoral than anything Fielding ever wrote." Following the example of the creator of Jonathan Wild, Thackeray dipped his pen in ink and irony and gave the world a picture of rogues and thieves as he thought they are: "Not," as he says, "dandy, poetical, rosewater thieves, but real downright scoundrels, leading scoundrelly lives, drunken, profligate, dissolute, low: as scoundrels will be. They don't quote Plato, like Eugene Aram; or live like gentlemen and sing the pleasantest ballads in the world, like jolly Dick Turpin; or prate eternally about  $\tau\delta\ \kappa\alpha\lambda\delta\sigma$  like that precious canting Maltravers, whom we all of us have read about and pitied; or die whitewashed saints like poor Miss Nancy in *Oliver Twist!* No, my dear madam, you and your daughter have no right to admire and sympathize with any such persons, fictitious or real; you ought to be made cordially to detest, scorn, loathe, abhor, and abominate all people of this kidney." In this mood he wrote *Catherine* and *Barry Lyndon*, and made his vehement, savage, over-emphasized protest against the false sentiment he condemned in the most admired of his contemporaries.

And as he had attacked the "Newgate Calendar" school in these works, so he dealt with the sham optimism of the romanticists in *Rebecca and Rowena*. That admirable satire, the best of Thackeray's burlesques, the best burlesque, I think, in our language, is of peculiar interest to students of *Vanity Fair*. It was written a little before the masterpiece, and one can see clearly that the ideas which found consummate expression in the greater work were even then passing through the author's brain. Indeed, the burlesque may almost be regarded as a study for the novel. I hope it is not unduly fanciful to detect a certain resemblance in the characters. To me,

for instance, the melancholy, long-suffering, valiant Ivanhoe, with his unalterable fidelity to the woman to whom he was not married, seems to offer more than a hint of Dobbins, and perhaps a rough sketch, too, of Rawdon; and if the fair Jewess is not at all like Amelia, there is a touch of Becky in that flaxen-haired minx, Rowena. And both books end on precisely the same note. *Vanity Fair* closes with a sigh. "Vanitas Vanitatum," muses the author, "which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? Or having it is satisfied?" And so in the last sentences of *Rebecca and Rowena* we are told that though Ivanhoe married his Jewess they were not boisterously happy. "Of some sort of happiness melancholy is a characteristic, and I think these were a solemn pair and died rather early."

When Thackeray began *Vanity Fair*, it was with the formula of *Catherine* and the formula of *Rebecca and Rowena* in his mind. He sat down to write a novel on the text that all is vanity under the sun; and he likewise proposed to present the image of a somewhat more reputable Catherine, a feminine Barry Lyndon, a finished study of the rogue as woman. The former part of his plan he carried out faithfully enough; the sermon clings close to the text, and it is no fault of the preacher if we do not echo his *Vanitas Vanitatum* as he comes down the stairs of the pulpit. But the other portion of the design is, fortunately, varied in the execution. The author, according to his principles just stated, ought not to allow us in the smallest degree to sympathize with Miss Rebecca Sharp: we ought to regard her with immovable abhorrence and contempt; and we should await with vengeful satisfaction that evil and miserable fate to which the author might have been expected to consign her in the end. Whereas, of course, we do nothing of

the kind. On the contrary, we follow Becky's fortunes with much more interest than we bestow on those of any other person in this chronicle; we find ourselves often liking, nearly always admiring, the indomitable little heroine; we rejoice in her successes, and are quite sorry for her when her schemes go wrong; we feel the tragedy of those awful years after her downfall, when she was drinking beer and eating sausages in horrible company at Pumpernickel; we are glad that her creator does not leave her to perish miserably in the end. We should never have forgiven him if he had done so. In the novel as we have it, "Lady Crawley" finishes in the odor of social respectability and is looking forward to a comfortably busy future. I am sure she will make quite a charming old lady, full of clever talk, the best company in the world, the friend of all the nice-looking young women, and now that she has retired from the active pursuit of the male sex the counsellor and confidante of the young men. And I think that eventually she became reconciled to Rawdon Crawley the Second, and wrote so enthusiastically about the "History of the Punjab" to Colonel Dobbin that even that stern moralist sometimes spoke quite kindly about her; much to the annoyance of Amelia, who was far too good a woman ever to forgive a person with whom one of her husbands had once flirted.<sup>1</sup>

But it is worth noticing that it was not Thackeray's original intention to let down our heroine so lightly. While *Vanity Fair* was in course of publication the Duke of Devonshire of the day was so much interested in the

characters of the story that he very improperly wrote to the author, asking to be told their ultimate fate, being apparently too impatient to await the appearance of the last number. In those days dukes could still be treated with respect, and Thackeray would not have been himself if he had not been a little flattered by his Grace's inquiry. He replied in a long letter, in which he explained among other things that Mrs. Rawdon Crawley was living in a small house in Belgravia on the interest of the two lakhs of rupees which had been left to her by Joseph Sedley, Esquire, late of the Bengal Civil Service; and that she became conspicuous for her piety and for her numerous charities, which in some unaccountable fashion always got into the newspapers. But the Duke was also told that "this poor woman has lost what little good looks she once possessed, and wears false hair and teeth, which latter give her rather a ghastly look when she smiles." And in a final postscript he learns that the India mail just arrived announces the utter ruin of the Union Bank of Calcutta in which all Mrs. Crawley's money was placed. "Will Fate," adds Thackeray with what I must regard as an unmanly sneer, "will Fate never cease to persecute that suffering saint?" Apparently he had contemplated that poor Becky's chequered career should be closed with a catastrophe. Luckily he thought better of this piece of poetic justice. Possibly his artistic instinct warned him that this would never do. His readers would have found him unforgivable if he had doomed their favorite to sheer misery and ruin.

But I think this change of plan is due

<sup>1</sup> There is an illuminating passage in Lady Ritchie's introduction to *Vanity Fair* on that Miss B—, who was credited by some of her contemporaries with having unconsciously sat for her portrait to Thackeray: "I may as well state here that one morning a hansom drove up to the door, and out of it emerged a most charming, dazzling little lady dressed in black, who greeted my father with great

affection and brilliancy, and who, departing presently, gave him a large bunch of fresh violets. This was the only time I ever saw the fascinating little person, who was by many supposed to be the original of Becky: my father only laughed when people asked him, but he never quite owned to it. He always said that he never consciously copied anybody."

to something else, and points to the fact that Thackeray altered his conception of Becky Sharp during the composition of the novel. He began, as I have said, according to the old formula, with the idea that she was to be simply a female villain of the deepest dye, intended to be drawn without a redeeming quality, a minx incarnate, if you like, and indeed something worse.

Throughout the book the author is constantly pausing in a most unsportsmanlike fashion to give us little lectures on Becky's wickedness. Thackeray the moralist is in perpetual conflict with Thackeray the artist over this young person. It seems as if he were trying honestly to make her as repellent and ignoble as possible; but the subconscious creative power working within him compels him to ignore the sermon and fasten upon the picture. Why, even at Miss Pinkerton's Academy we cannot but admire the lonely, determined little outcast, the daughter of that young woman of the French nation who was by profession an opera girl, and of the Soho drawing-master, who at his third attack of *délirium tremens* descended to the grave after two bailiffs had quarrelled over his corpse. Then her creator begins his chivalrous practice of heaping abusive epithets upon her, and asks us to believe that she was perfectly odious; whereas what we see is that she was brave, clever, and witty, that she had the spirit to prevail against insult and tyranny, and the sense and industry to learn all that could be learnt at the Pinkerton seminary while the other pupils idled and gossiped. Is it nothing to her credit that among these four-and-twenty girls the little orphan was the only one who had brains and tried to use them?

Brains? But what are brains in a woman compared to that beautiful feminine sensibility which induced

Miss Amelia Sedley to weep over a dead canary? Thackeray the moralist even endeavors to persuade us that Miss Sharp's appearance was forbidding; whereas Thackeray the artist gives us quite clearly to understand that the lithe figure, the honey-colored hair, and the subtle gray-green eyes gave her a charm which no male person of any discrimination was able to resist. In her presence who could bestow a glance upon Amelia's pink cheeks and corkscrew ringlets?

As the book goes on we seem to hear the same two voices: the voice of the moralist anxious to warn us against being carried away by the fascination of the story that the voice of the artist is telling us. Our poor heroine is not spared. When the Rawdon Crawleys go down to Queen's Crawley you will remember that Rebecca was touched and pleased because Lady Jane took both her sister-in-law's hands and kissed her affectionately. But we are not allowed to enjoy the pretty little picture. The Censor has to break in with his sneer. "The embrace somehow brought tears into the eyes of the little adventuress—which ornaments, as we know, she wore very seldom." Tears, you see, are so eminently becoming to feminine eyes that every really nice woman will have them ready to flow for any great or small occasion.

Becky, poor thing, had other uses for her eyes. She had indeed a good deal of that hardness which belongs to all great characters, and she would probably have agreed with Montaigne that sympathetic people are mostly weak. She is always a fighter against fate, and she wages the war with unfailing energy, passing lightly, as great warriors do, over the bodies of the killed and the wounded. She is not a faithful wife, or a good mother, she is without scruple or remorse, she uses anybody, from General Tufto to the luck-

less lodging-house keeper, Raggles, for her own ends; and she will let any man make love to her when it suits her purpose. Observe this abandoned creature, says Thackeray; notice how worthless she is, the deceitful, intriguing wretch! And then he proceeds to endow her with quite a varied selection of admirable qualities. For Rebecca, in spite of her defects, has courage, magnanimity, resource, cheerfulness, and a large generosity which contrasts with the petty selfishness of almost everybody else in the book. She is a sinner in the grand style and really about the only person in *Vanity Fair*, except Dobbin, who is not guilty of small meannesses. She never spared those who stood in her way; but even when she treated people badly, as a matter of business, she had the capacity to appreciate their good qualities. Who but Becky, of all Thackeray's women, would have been capable of admiring her husband, of rejoicing in his strength, his rough manhood, his righteous anger, in that tremendous scene when he flings Steyne bleeding to the ground? And then the day after, when in the utter wreck of all her hopes and prospects she calls despairingly upon Sir Pitt Crawley the younger, flings herself upon her knees, the wicked little actress, bursts into tears, and passionately kisses the baronet's hand! In that compromising attitude she is "discovered" by the excellent Lady Jane, who promptly makes a scene, and calls her "that woman" in the best manner of the indignant British matron:—

"I have been a true and faithful wife to you, Sir Pitt," Lady Jane continued intrepidly; "I have kept my marriage vow as I made it to God, and have been obedient and gentle as a wife should. But righteous obedience has its limits, and I declare that I will not bear that—that woman again under my roof: if she enters it, I and my children will leave it. You—you must

choose, sir, between her and me," and with this my Lady swept out of the room, fluttering with her own audacity, and leaving Rebecca and Sir Pitt not a little astonished at it.

But Becky was not hurt; on the contrary, she was pleased. She valued spirit and courage, even in those who despicably used her, and she rather liked to see the gentle creature asserting herself, though at her own expense. She had not behaved well towards the Sedleys, nor they towards her in the later years; but she bore no malice, and in her Brussels boarding-house exile she thought kindly of the family. "I wonder whether little Emmy is alive. It was a good little creature; and that fat brother of hers! I have his funny fat picture still among my papers. They were kind, simple people." And so at length we reach that crowning act of generosity by which Mrs. Rawdon brought the long Odyssey of William Dobbin's life to a conclusion and wafted poor, blind, silly Amelia into his gaunt and faithful arms.

You will observe that as the story draws towards its conclusion Thackeray's tendency to preach at Rebecca is less noticeable. As he developed the character the artist prevailed more and more over the moralist; and perhaps he was beginning to feel that chastity is not the only feminine virtue, and that a woman, though deplorably wanting on that side, may still have many fine qualities. This was rather a revolutionary doctrine in the year 1847 or thereabouts, and one can see that it embarrassed Thackeray a good deal. Though his exemplar Fielding and a few others had ventured to paint the portrait of a man, and to give us a Tom Jones, for example, who has all sorts of fine qualities while exceedingly peccant in his amours, scarcely anybody had ventured to do the same thing with the other sex. It

was still a convention that a woman lived to love and be loved, and that she was of very little interest to the artist in any other capacity. The woman who is much stronger on the intellectual than the emotional side, like Becky Sharp, had as yet hardly appeared in literature; and though one or two of Thackeray's own contemporaries were making the experiment, they clearly recognized its difficulties and usually ended by getting back to the conventional view of these matters.

The worst thing one can say about *Mrs. Rawdon Crawley* is that she was not a good mother. In fact, she was a painfully bad one. There is no mincing matters on this disagreeable topic. Becky had no affection at all for her son, even disliked him, and treated him with cruel neglect; her easy good nature changed to harsh impatience when alone with the poor little fellow. She is the non-maternal woman, the woman whom motherhood fills with no pure and noble emotions, but merely irks and annoys. That is a type so excessively unpleasant to our feelings, so intolerably disturbing to our convictions, that we would prefer to think it does not exist. But, of course, it does exist, as we can see for ourselves if we choose to cast our eyes around us. The non-maternal woman is more uncommon than the non-paternal man; but both are realities. And there is no higher proof of Thackeray's genius than that he deliberately drew the picture of a creature so unfortunate, and yet had the courage to make her a quite intelligible, and in many ways a very likeable, human being. Do we not all know non-paternal male individuals, who have the sacred instinct of fatherhood very imperfectly developed, and are, nevertheless, not without qualities which cause them to be valued in other relations of life, who make good citizens, good workmen, good soldiers, even

good friends? And so it may sometimes be with the non-maternal woman. She is weak on the side where it is natural and customary for her sex to be strong. This may be deplorable; but it does not render her a monster of depravity and sin. There are women to whom motherhood means little, just as there are men to whom fatherhood means almost nothing. We may regret the fact, but we should recognize it, which our artists and literary persons do not. "Our people wouldn't stand it, sir," as the American preacher said when taxed with his reticence on the doctrine of eternal punishment. Our people, it seems, wouldn't stand the woman to whom motherhood is not all in all; at least, they won't stand her in books. In real life they have got to stand her, and probably they will have to stand a good deal more of her in the time to come. But to present her on the stage or in fiction, not in a sheer frenzy of horror and indignation but just calmly and analytically, as a complex of the motives and tendencies by which personality is built up, is altogether against the rules of the game. Thackeray ignored them—and he gave us *Becky Sharp* with her possibilities and her limitations. She may with advantage be compared with the heroine of Tennyson's *Princess*, published the year before *Vanity Fair* was issued, and with the heroine of Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, which appeared a few years later. In both these works the writers are dealing with the insurgent woman endeavoring to realize herself on the active and intellectual side. The *Princess Ida* and *Aurora*, in their several ways, desire to escape from the sexual and emotional atmosphere, and to show that a woman may be something besides an appendage or a helpmeet or a dependant or a goddess, as the case may be, for some person of the opposite sex. The two

poems, like *Vanity Fair*, indicate that stirring of the atmosphere, that awakening sense of the larger development of the feminine mind, which was just then being felt by the finer intelligences of the mid-Victorian period. But though they touch the problem they do not know how to deal with it. Both the poets evidently feel that intellect was on the whole a dangerous and unfeminine possession, of which a woman had better divest herself if she is to be comfortable. Mrs. Browning makes Aurora Leigh say scornfully:—

I perceive  
The headache is too noble for my sex;  
You think the heartache would sound  
decenter  
Since that's the woman's special  
proper ache.

And again:—

You forget too much  
That every creature, female as the  
male,  
Stands single in responsible act and  
thought,  
As also in birth and death.

Yet Mrs. Browning ends by making her poetess marry the man she loves, and virtually confessing that the intellectual life could only doom a woman to failure and futility. And Tennyson can do no better for his Princess than suggest that she shall become exactly like the hero's mother, who was:—

Not learned, save in gracious house-  
hold ways,  
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender  
wants;  
No angel, but a dearer being all dipt  
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise.

*The Fortnightly Review.*

This is very beautiful, but it shirks the whole problem propounded in the poem.

The fact is, these poets could go so far as to imagine a woman of intellect; but the conditions of the life around them had not as yet provided them with a place for her. And Thackeray has the same difficulty with Becky. He gave her character and will; but he could not give her any legitimate object on which her powers could be employed, so that she had to devote herself to the arts of intrigue and blandishment, persuasion and cajolery, practised either for the benefit or for the injury of a member of the opposite sex.

In the year 1847 a woman was not—for literary purposes at any rate—a substantive individual; she was still only a parasitic being existing in relation to one or more men. It was the tragedy of her life that no other avenue was open to Becky for the employment of her talent, her energy, her ability; it has been the tragedy of the lives of countless clever women, who cannot be content to be merely sympathetic and submissive, the tragedy of aspirations, perverted because unrealized, in a social environment that gave no sufficient scope for a busy brain and penetrating intelligence when these were found in a woman. Fortunately, Becky had too much humor to play the tragic rôle; and we can part from her with a smile rather than a sigh, and with the satisfying remembrance that in spite of all her sins we have spent some of the most delightful hours we have known in her vivacious company.

*Sidney Low.*

## FANCY FARM.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Searching my mind for the right impression of our Schawfield Sabbaths, I find myself thinking of them always as a silvery gray in color—the ominous, hard glitter of the mornings slowly fading away in a blur of misty clouds by the time the bells were ringing, and the afternoons made pensive by a thin persistent smirr or drizzle. Pensive—sweetly pensive, not burdening the spirit much, but charging it with quiet sentiment as do the memories of old things unrecoverable, nigh forgotten—days of youth, the yearning of the family psalm at evening worship, good men and women dead, and many things accomplished. It was a holy day in Schawfield, even if we had played at dambrod or the cards, which I give you my word we never did. But still a day with the finest opportunities for gossip.

"So solemn, so religious a day—I feel it a kind of wickedness to spoil it all by sitting in an atmosphere of peppermints and mildewed Sunday clothes," said Sir Andrew once to his Aunt Amelia: the sentiment gave her the first alarming impression that, in spite of his morning prayers (which he often bellowed fervently in a high Gregorian chant as he plashed about the bath-room), and in spite of Dr. Cleghorn's guarantee of the genuine Christian spirit, her nephew might be little better than an infidel. Herself, she never missed a diet of the village temple; she felt her attendance was a sacred obligation, and, besides, she shared the feeling of Cattanach, the factor, that it helped to "break the back o' the day so nicely."

"I go to the church regularly because I know I ought to go," she assured Sir Andrew, with the air of a martyr.

"That is often my own excuse," said

he. "One might have better; but, when everything is said and done, 'I ought' is the root of all religions. I'll go, myself, to-day, *pour encourager*, like a decent landlord, but first I'll have a bathe."

"Oh, Andy dear! You shouldn't swim on Sunday!" she protested.

"Why not?" said he, who always felt that the mire of the world washed off when he went swimming. "There's nothing the devil hates like clean cold water, and a bathe is a moral baptism."

Sabbath, as he had seen it elsewhere, in other lands, a pompous interregnum in the hurry of the world, had seemed no more than the formal mood of an hour of two, confined within the walls of churches: here all outdoor nature herself appeared to revere the day, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. A hush came even to the woods, or at least their tenants seemed in their songs and cries in harmony with the sober thoughts of men; the very rooks, cawing above the trees of Fancy Farm, evoked no secular associations.

The morning would flood the empty street with wasted sunshine long before the fires went on, and glint upon brass knuckles, and beat upon curtained windows, and wash to a clean, new ochre all the eastward gables of the sleeping village. Vacant fields, deserted highways, gardens lonely within their high old walls; a dog or two extended idle in the gutter barking with breast against the heated sand. And then the faint blue reek of chimneys, and the blacksmith coming out to stump the street with his jacket off, vain-glorious of his Sunday linen.

"There is no lonelier thing in all the world than a Scottish village street on a Sunday morning, with a single citi-

zen pacing it slowly on a wooden leg," was Sir Andrew's verdict, having seen that moving spectacle.

Splashing of soap and water at the backyard wells, a bit of balm or appleringle from the garden as a marker for the Bible, a chink of coppers changing, and then the clinkum-clank of the rival bells, our two in Schawfield being as much in dissonance as the churches they adorned have always been in other things.

"That's the one thing that worries me about it all!" would the Captain say to Norah as they followed the crowd of decorous whispering worshippers to church. "Those Sunday clothes! Those hats! This dreadful sense of a custom petrified! This fierce suppression of the natural self! Surely to God we shouldn't go to church like this, but rather with our holiday garments, and with cheerful drums and flying banners!"

"You sometimes talk a lot of nonsense!" would Norah reply composedly.

"Quite probably," he would agree with the utmost cheerfulness. "I find a little nonsense in other people singularly refreshing. But still, my dear, I'm right about the petrification. There goes Clashgour; *his* idea of piety is that you mustn't have the odor of beer about you on a Sunday, so he makes it brandy."

Then, almost certainly, would the drizzle come on at mid-day, as if by some beneficent joke of Providence to give the folk of Schawfield an excuse for their universal nap—the sweetest of the week—which broke the back of the day a second time. Again the street abandoned; only far off a sound of human life—the calls of children plucking the honeysuckle wetly scented from the hedges, wisely left to the care of God by their parents fast asleep in warm and window-blinded chambers; and an odor of scorching wood from the baker's oven.

But a drizzle never kept us from our walk when the nap was over, the graveyard our objective,—though why, with all the beautiful living world behind our garden, we should choose to meditate among the tombs it were ill to fathom. Perhaps the custom grew from a compromise with that narrow spirit that one time would not let us walk at all on Sabbath, the graveyard being looked upon as an eloquent epilogue to the sermon. It lay about half a mile from the village; sooner or later we landed there, even lover and lass would tryst to walk between the low green mounds and read again the long-familiar names upon the foggy sepulchres. From that sedate engagement comes perhaps a part of my conviction that the Schawfield Sabbaths have been always sweetly sad and moistly gray.

The grayness was certainly real enough one Sunday afternoon when Mr. Birrell, refreshed by his nap, a figure of plump integrity and decorum in a frock-coat, walked with his sister 'Tilda to the popular rendezvous, gallantly holding his umbrella over the fine new bonnet which—to tell the truth of 'Tilda—was the chief excuse for a daunder in such weather. There was another excuse, as may fully emerge hereafter, but neither of them, to Mr. Birrell, would have justified the half-mile tramp ostensibly to look at epitaphs he knew by heart already.

Such weather might delight a Captain Cutlass, with his curious relish for the abstract thing we know as weather, quite regardless as he might be of its character; but except for angling in the Kettle Pool it seemed a kind, to the lawyer, quite objectionable. He could not see with the Captain's eyes the charm of that silvery vapor through which the village faintly loomed—a vision unsubstantial, and the trees appeared like phantoms, and

the churchyard, like the vague chaotic churchyard of a dream; he could not think the beads on the gossamer actual jewels, nor discover in himself, as the Captain swore he did, a physical pleasure in the smack of the rain-drop on his face.

There were fewer of the quick than usual in the churchyard this particular Sunday, since it was not everybody who could boast of a fine new bonnet like Miss 'Tilda; but among them was Mrs. Powrie, who was as regular in her visitations there as if she were a trusted maid or a veritable widow. The eyes of 'Tilda brightened when she saw, as she had expected, the housekeeper of Fancy Farm drooping like a willow over the railing of the family's last mortal tenement.

"H'm! I see!" said Mr. Birrell dryly. "I'm hauled away from my book on a muggy afternoon like this, on a pretence that my health demands it, just that you may have your crack wi' Mrs. Powrie!"

"Right you are, James! I wouldn't miss it for the world," confessed his sister frankly. "She'll can maybe tell me the reason for a thing that's bothered me a' the day—no' a body but Miss Amelia in the Schawfield pew this morning!"

"They didn't miss much," said the lawyer cynically. "Dr. Cleghorn—decent man!—was more than usually anecdotic. I always notice that when he's in despair of making us any better than we are by nature by keeping to the Gospel truths, he falls back on his wee bit stories, and there's dashed all in them. The pulpit, for stories, canna compete with Mrs. Nish's parlor—but, of course, one canna expect the clergy to have the advantage of comparison. For the love of goodness, don't get on to Peter and his dogs with Mrs. Powrie, 'Tilda!"

The housekeeper could have been no more abstracted in a picture-gallery

than she was in her contemplation of the monuments of the Schaws of three hundred years, her sense of art agreeably engaged by the sculptured figures carved with minuteness to the very waistcoat-buttons: noses on a level with the cheeks; plump cherubs hovering, bodyless, above the epitaphs, with the soul of human prank in their roguish faces rather than angelic raptures; and the country mason's tribute to *macabre* sentiment in skulls and bones.

"A sleepy sort of day," said Mrs. Powrie, as if that was not to be said with truth of all our Sundays. "I just forced myself to come out."

"Ay, it's like settling down to rain," said Miss 'Tilda; and her brother, taking off his hat politely to the housekeeper, marvelled at the conversational tactics of their sex. For a while they maintained the appropriate graveyard manner, as they walked, with him behind them, along the narrow weed-grown path between the lairs, stopping here and there to recall the personal traits of old acquaintances now no more than a turf mound and a name cut deep in granite; or to moralize (with a due regard to their skirts being clear of the clay) on a text adorning the plinth of some new headstone.

"A few short years of evil past," Mr. Birrell quoted, unctuously, from a slab. "It's scarcely the happiest sentiment to put on the tomb of Robert Grieve the maltman; after all, he wasna so very bad a fellow!"

They came down the road together from this Sabbath relaxation wonderfully cheery.

"I noticed," said Miss 'Tilda, "there were none of your folk in kirk to-day except Miss Amelia; they'll be from home?"—a point on which she had satisfied herself to the contrary hours ago, but then a reconnaissance must have a feint at opening.

"No; they're all at home," Mrs.

Powrie assured her earnestly, quite well aware it was a feint, respecting her none the less for it. "Miss Norah had a headache."

"Indeed, and I thought of having one myself!" said Miss Tilda nonchalantly. "When the Doctor's away from home all week, and only gets back on Saturday, there's nothing to be looked for from his sermon but cauld kail het again, or a parcel of stories about great men that led good lives and left a great deal of money and a valuable object-lesson. He was gey thin this morning, as I expected. I havena seen Miss Norah down the town for a fortnight; she'll be busy?"

"She's never otherwise," said Mrs. Powrie. "Everything wi' her's a hobby. Her and Miss Colquhoun are galloping on horseback, like to break their necks, or dancin' even-on for hours in the drawing-room, or fencin' wi' Sir Andrew, or plowterin' at the garden till their faces are like sodger's coats. It can't be very good for them, I think! At their time o' life I was glad to sit down wi' a seam and rest myself."

Mr. Birrell realized that Tilda was now in the thick of it; she had forgotten her bonnet, even his existence—the mightiest of us are out in the cold when the hens of gossip start to cackle.

"Dear me! she must be talented, Miss Colquhoun!" she remarked with the right inflection of astonishment.

"Oh, she's talented enough, I'll warrant," Mrs. Powrie agreed—"a minister's daughter, mind! She's grand company for Miss Norah, more like the thing for her, I think, than Mr. Maurice. He's here now, and helping at the dancing. 'Deed! we're all at the dancing," she added with some amusement; "Sir Andrew made me join them the other night to make up a set o' Lancers. And me!—I havena danced for years, since Peter—"

"Oh, heavens!" thought Mr. Birrell,

scrupulously walking a little apart from this undignified clocking, "we're in already among the Dandie Dinmonts!" but a sigh stopped the lady's current of reminiscence, and Miss Tilda lost no time in restoring the conversation to more novel topics. "He was aye a very good dancer," she remarked; "I mind o' him at his Homecoming—took the floor like a dancin'-master. Perhaps it's as well he should keep in practice for the next occasion."

"The randy!" said her brother to himself.

Mrs. Powrie sighed again. "I doubt," said she, "he'll never marry," and "Well done, the loyal Powrie!" thought James Birrell, trudging on the edge of the grass beside them. "One marriage in a lifetime is enough for any reasonable man or woman," continued the lady, who had found that one was more than enough in her own experience.

"Nothing of the kind!" retorted Tilda. "Give the like of me a chance. The first is always an experiment,—a second wife's more likely to be the pick of grim experience."

"No, no; there's a lot of clash, I know, about Sir Andrew looking for a wife again," persisted the faithful housekeeper, "but there's nothing in it. Dear me! think for yourself; there's a houseful of women there in Fancy Farm with nothing for us to do but to look after him,—not that he's hard to please, I admit! It's all a matter of clothes laid out and ordinary comfort; I don't believe that half the men would marry at all if it wasn't either that or lodgings."

"I daresay you're right," admitted Miss Birrell, and her brother waited for the unmasking of the second battery. "All the same," she continued, "I hope your dancing-practice at the Farm will not be thrown away; of course, there's always the prospect of

a match between Miss Norah and the poet," and she smiled with roguish suggestiveness at the housekeeper.

"Perhaps!" said Mrs. Powrie, "Perhaps! They're very chief wi' one another, and he's most attentive, as he well might be, for she has the siller; but for myself I could never be taken wi' him; he's a peerie-heid soul—I suppose that that's the poetry. They may have an understanding between them, and then, again, they may have nothing of the kind; you can never tell wi' a hearty girl like Norah. I sometimes think he's just another of her hobbies. It would be more like the thing that he should take up wi' Miss Colquhoun; *she* would take the poetical nonsense out of him. What do you think, Mr. Birrell?" and the housekeeper turned with deference to the gentleman who would have it understood that he preferred to remain outside these cackling hen conventions.

"I don't know anything about it, Mrs. Powrie," he replied, pursing his mouth to prevent an escape of his further sentiments.

"Neither do I!" she said, alarmed at this obvious disapproval on the part of Sir Andrew's agent. "I was only venturing an opinion."

"Pooh!" said Miss Birrell impatiently. "Never mind my brother! If you weren't listening, James, you wouldn't be affronted. Let me tell you this, Mrs. Powrie—I can't put up wi' your Miss Penelope. I doubt she's a deep one."

"I'll speak of the girl as I find her," retorted the housekeeper with spirit. "So far as I can see, she's as open as the day. She fears the face of neither man nor woman."

"That's the depth of her!" said the Writer's sister with asperity. "If she wasn't deep she would pretend she did, like the rest of us," and a parting with the housekeeper being imminent, now that they were close to the gate

of the lodge, she put the question that gave Mr. Birrell the second reason for her insistence on the afternoon's excursion.

"She has never missed a Sunday in the Kirk since she settled here; what was the matter wi' her to-day?

Mrs. Powrie flushed and hesitated, with a glance at Mr. Birrell, who seemed himself a little interested. "There was—there was a little accident yesterday," she confided in an undertone. "Nobody knows of it but myself, and she bade me not to mention it. Sir Andrew was fencing wi' her and he hurt her arm."

"And he doesna ken of it?" exclaimed Miss 'Tilda with astonishment.

"She never said a word, though it must have hurt her sorely, and he hasn't the least suspicion. She wouldn't even tell Miss Norah. I'm glad to say it's nothing very serious."

"That girl," said Miss 'Tilda in an accent of despair, "is the deepest or the unluckiest that ever God put breath in!"

She went down the street in silence with her brother: even he, it seemed, got something to reflect on in the news of Mrs. Powrie. The village clock was chiming five, and the smoke of mended fires for tea hung low upon the slate and sank like a haar within the lanes, making the day still grayer than it was by nature. The tenements stood like cliffs with fortress apertures. 'Tilda took the key from her pocket and opened one of them, her brother with his umbrella still solicitous of the bonnet she had quite forgotten.

"As sure as fate, James Birrell," she said as they entered the lobby, "if she goes on the way she's doing she'll have him!"

#### CHAPTER XV.

The training of Penelope proceeded briskly; never before was there such jolly times in Fancy Farm. Jolly

times there had been, it is true, when some of Norah's actress friends would launch themselves upon her in the summer, which is the winter of their art, and romp among the harvesters, where their romping had a spirit of sophistication that was not of Arcady, and lacked the true pastoral unconsciousness of the natives. "They bring," said Captain Cutlass of those city Chloes and Phyllises, "the scent of the footlights over the hay-fields." But it was jollier with a genuine country spirit like Penelope's. She had, in the fields, the courage to seem what she was, a daughter of the people, and had no desire to shine. The same was true of her horsemanship; she quickly learned the art, at the cost, at first, of many tumbles in the paddock. "Oh lassie! lassie!" cried the panic-stricken Mrs. Powrie, "ye'll kill yoursel' for certain; that'll be the end o't! I would sooner see ye married." "No fears!" said the ardent pupil, breathless, tousy, and dishevelled, but unconquered; "and it's worth a killing, anyway, to do something that I'm almost terrified to do!" This desperate courage charmed her tutor, who was no less delighted at her growing skill of fence. He never learned of her injury in the first stage of her lessons, though every one in the village knew of it, somehow, and he kept her at the foils for weeks before he handed her over to the further care of Norah.

"That girl's got legs!" he proclaimed to his cousin gleefully.

"I've always suspected it," said Norah.

"She stands upon her feet; she has craft, finesse, and sleight of touch; there's nothing in her attitude of the dancing-master." Norah, all the same, was the better fencer, having learned the art from him when his interest was less divided.

And they danced—oh! they danced, I assure you, till it seemed as if the

evenings passed to the step of a sara-band. Watty Fraser's fiddle was engaged for Saturday afternoons to play to the harvesters and the woodmen in the barn, and then would you see Sir Andrew giving to Petronella all the elaboration of a minuette. He danced with everybody, most notably the eldest and the plainest of his folk; daffed with the young ones till they all adored him.

Penelope danced by nature; the manse had no more suppressed the rhythm and ear of her than it had destroyed her appetite for bread and butter. But still we agreed that she did not dance so well as Norah, who brought to the thing a stately swooning kind of grace that made even Cattanach, the factor, swifter to venture an arm upon her waist. Maurice gyrated round her, posturing grotesquely, laughing at his own unhappy incapacity, which was one of the defects that made Sir Andrew doubt his qualities as a poet, since poetry is no more than a joyous reeling prose.

Indeed, where anything was to do, their protégée was docile and adroit; it was only in their abstract arts, where some conventional theory was to be conceded—those hypotheses that make existence possible for cultivated people, keeping them from going utterly astray,—or where views were to be expressed in the accepted jargon, that she sat in silence, often out of it completely, sometimes a little obviously uneasy.

That was the trait in her that Aunt Amelia liked, since it made her own aloofness, due to that unhappy ear, the less conspicuous. "They chatter such a lot!" she declared. "And mumble. Reggie Maurice mumbles worse than ever; I can hardly make out a word he's saying."

"You wouldn't be greatly edified if you did, perhaps," said Penelope. "I never knew a man talk such nonsense.

with such a wonderful flow of quotations. He's like a birthday book."

"You'd better not say that to Norah," Miss Amelia cautioned her.

"Why?" Penelope asked.

"Oh! just because she wouldn't like it. You can see they're—they're very friendly, she and Mr. Maurice," and she nudged her with a meaning there was no mistaking.

Penelope looked surprised, and then she smiled to herself inscrutably.

Especially was she silent (except on one occasion) when it came to poetry, of which the gentleman in question was a fountain, gushing it from other wells, and even trickling now and then from a little cistern of his own, without, as it appeared, permitting much of it to soak into his system. He was a dapper little fellow, with a ruddy boyish face that had not got a single line as yet from anguish or from midnight contemplation, ready with merry jibings, the derisive chaff of two-and-twenty, and had come at first to *Fancy Farm* in its days Bohemian in the wake of a lady artist who had meant to paint the portrait of *Lady Jean*, and had taken half a summer to discover that her subject was incapable of sitting in one position longer than a minute. The artist disappeared and drifted thenceforth out of the poet's life, but he had found in Sir Andrew and his cousin friends to solace him for the extinction of a passion which, like a good deal of his poetry, was an end in itself and not a furious impulse. Norah, who at first had been inclined to laugh at him, took to him at last with an impetuous ardor that astonished the baronet and his wife. They could hardly credit it! The fervors of the poet were so manifestly artificial, his fun was of a cynic quality. "A perfect treasure on rainy days; if the cabinet-makers made such things, we should all have minor poets, like weather-glasses, in

our country houses," said the Captain, paraphrasing Diderot. But scarcely the man for Norah! Yet, at last, she had him constant at her heels, and seemed unhappy in his absences. "I really believe you're in love with him!" exclaimed the baronet's good lady, and her latter days were cheered to some extent by the fact that Norah would not deny it.

Maurice came with less than his customary promptness to the whistle of Norah when the training of Penelope began.

"I thought you would have been here on Saturday," she said with mock impertinence.

"I would have been if—if—" he stammered, unprepared with a plausible excuse.

"If you had started," suggested Norah. "Don't trouble to think of some poetical impediment; we're all for prose and plain speech now in *Fancy Farm*," and she told him about Penelope.

"I want you to be nice to her. Andy's taken a tremendous fancy to her, and thinks she'd benefit by a little of your highly intellectual and poetic nonsense." But she took the sting from the remark by a kindled manner that appeared to take him to her very arms.

"Good!" he replied, with his hand on his heart. "I'll roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I'll roar you and 'twere any nightingale to please the lady. I'd rather than forty shillings I had my book of songs and sonnets here."

"My dear Beggy," said Norah, "we've got half a dozen copies in the house, so that needn't worry you. And Pen has had a copy in her bedroom for the past three days."

"Of course! Of course! It's the usual prelude to a meeting with an author; fully primed, I've no doubt she'll be rapturous."

Norah mischievously smiled. "If she is I'll be very much astonished. Pen, let me tell you, didn't betray the slightest alarm at the prospect of meeting a poet, and wouldn't prime herself to meet the Psalmist David. She doesn't even know that Reggie Maurice and 'Wilfred Ford,' the author, are the same individual."

"Excellent!" he exclaimed. "Don't enlighten her, and I'll be sure of a frank criticism."

"You'll be sure of that in any case," said Norah—"that's to say, if you ask one. If you're any way tender of your *amour propre* I should advise you to be cautious. But I really must explain to her."

"Don't! Please don't! What the good-year! a poet and afeard! Not I, Miss Norah, faith not I!" said Maurice. "Do you like her?"

"I simply love her!" said Norah heartily. "She brings out the best that's in me, like a walk on a stormy day."

"Happy girl! Is this, may I venture to inquire, the final result of Sir Andrew's quest for the true Dulcinea, or is she one of your Aunt Amelia's discoveries?"

She looked at him with disapproval. "There are considerations, Mr. Maurice, which it is indelicate for a poet to touch on, though they may quite naturally engage the gossip of a village. My cousin is not the gentleman to compromise a woman in Penelope's position by discussing such a thing with me."

As if to make amends for this *faux pas*, the poet entered cheerfully into the dancing-lessons, where his aid, indeed, was scantily helpful, and played accompaniments for duets, and helped with picnic fires, and spouted poetry not his own, and "clowned" (as Pen described it) in the hay-fields round the Farm with loyal self-suppression. A week or two of his practised enter-

tainment as a ladies' man, and Captain Cutlass stood in the background with his office gone. He felt, in the presence of Maurice with his effervescent spirits, just a little elderly, and sought within himself in vain for an earlier self in whom such facile arts were possible. He had never in his life been quite like Maurice.

Out with the mare, then! The old roads, and woods that never alter, and understand! Out with the mare! The tang of old withered leafage, and the sweetly acrid odor of the wood-man's chips! Of all the birds that had rendered the springtime gay and hopeful, only the robin and the linnet seemed to be left, companions of the melancholy afternoon. The linnet thinly piped unseen on an upper bough of hazel; the robin, like a tiny spirit, fearless and proud of his little canticle, followed him along the dykes. Oh, the sea! the sea! How greedily he looked for it as he rose to the pass above Whitfarland Bay; it seemed as if the iron gates that prisoned him in space and time flew wide apart when he saw again, released, an Ariel from the cloven pine, the dim horizon. The crash and rustle of ocean, and the long withdrawing lisp of tired waters backing from the sand, and the farther islands stretched across the west like a picture washed in milk. Appearances! Appearances! Expressions of a thought unfathomable formed in that *pia mater* of the which the sky is fibrous membrane, our life-long dreams the momentary movement of an infinite cell.

While Captain Cutlass followed his crazy fancies, Norah and Penelope would be raking in the meadow, and the poet mooned about the garden, gleaning straws from the stubble of the fields of poesy long since swept of their crop by other reapers. At mid-day they would lunch together on the river bank.

"How's the Muse this forenoon,

Reggy?" Norah asked him flippantly. "Coy. Distinctly coy. It's something in the weather. Here will we sit upon the rocks and see the shepherds feed their flocks--incidentally, I'll have another scone. How is it, by the way, that the shepherds about Schawfield look so deucedly unpastoral and unpoetic?"

"Do they?" asked Norah, sipping milk with deliberate relish, as if it had the flavor and bouquet of a wine. "I've never noticed it, except at the end of a fair-day, when they're sometimes a little unsteady on their dear old legs. And even then Andy insists that they're quite in the poetic spirit."

"Oh, everything's in the poetic spirit to Sir Andrew," agreed Reginald. "If he'd got to give it form in decent verse, he'd see that nowadays Phyllis is a slattern and Damon is a lout. Don't you think so, Pen?" He lay back on the grass with his hat off, leaning on his arm, balancing a glass of milk on his knee.

"I don't know," said Penelope simply. "I never tried to make poetry myself, and I know I couldn't, for more than half the poetry I see I don't understand it."

"That is the test of the very best kind of poetry. I often write poetry so confoundedly subtle that I don't understand it myself. But everybody else who reads it does, and it's thought to be very fine. But perhaps you don't care for poetry?"

"I don't," admitted Penelope. "I always skip it in a magazine or a story. 'Oh, bother!' I say when I come to it." At which confession the bard upset his glass, and Norah gave way to laughter at his astonishment.

"Why?" he demanded.

"I can't say why," she replied, with a moment of reflection. "Don't you skip, too, Norah?"

"I'm afraid I do," admitted Norah. "But I always feel it's a sin, like skip-

ping the church on Sunday for a headache. Now, there's Aunt Amelia--she delights to come on a good thick slab of original verse in the newspapers. She usually cuts it out and carries it about in her purse for a month or two. When she finds some day that she hasn't a sordid prosaic pound she's been calculating on, those bundles of inoffensive verse are treated very badly."

"You really don't mean to tell me you dislike poetry?" pressed Maurice.

"No," said Penelope; "I don't dislike it. I like Pope, and 'The Deserted Village,' and—"

"Oh!" groaned the poet, "that is little better than the heartiest detestation of poetry. Have you read, by any chance, 'Harebell and Honey'?"

"By Wilfred Ford?" said Penelope, and Norah nervously cast her a warning glance that passed unheeded.

"Yes," said Maurice.

"It's in my bedroom; Norah put it there, I suppose. I've looked at it, but I didn't care for it."

"No?"

"It—it made me sleepy. It's so full of gorgeous words and names like Eurydice and Perse—how do you pronounce it?—phone. It might have been written hundreds of years ago, it's so musty."

"How darkly, deeply, beautifully—true," said Maurice. "I sometimes feel like that myself about 'Harebell and Honey,'" and Norah gave him a look of gratitude.

"I suppose it's clever," proceeded the unconscious critic. "It looks as if it might be clever; but then I don't much care for cleverness in poetry—I mean the gorgeous kind of thing. It looks like mere display. I think Wilfred Ford said to himself, 'It's a lovely day, and I have a lot of nice words, —what will I make a poem about?' Don't you?" She swung her sun-

bonnet round her head and smiled deliciously at him.

"Bravo, Penelope!" cried Norah, clapping her hands, and Maurice still retained her gratitude by his good-humor.

"You would have the poet sing because he must, and pipe but as the linnet sings," he suggested airily.

"Something like that," replied Penelope. "I'm sure Mr. Wilfred Ford didn't sing because he must, but only for display."

"Hadn't we better go and finish that rick?" said Norah uneasily.

"Oh, never mind the hay just now," said Maurice. "Pen's just got her views on poetry sketched in; let's see them finished. What do you want in a poem, Pen?"

She looked across the field to its farther side, where the harvesters sat resting in the shade of the trees.

"I want simplicity, love, and truth, not too elegant and sweet, a little wild—like a bramble-bush. But I don't know: sometimes I think there's only one poem after all, and that it's not in written poetry, but inside everybody waiting to be stirred. It's the hearer makes the poem."

"I quite agree with you," said Maurice; "at least he makes the best part of it. But here and there in 'Harebell and Honey,' you surely found simplicity and truth?"

"Certainly not in the poem called 'Ardfillan Priory,' for that is near my native place."

"Pen," said Norah abruptly, "before you say another word let me tell

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you that Mr. Maurice is Wilfred Ford."

Penelope turned crimson. "How stupid of me," she exclaimed. "I beg your pardon. I didn't mean—"

"Oh, you mustn't back out," he protested, laughing. "That's the sort of thing that makes a poet's friends quite useless to him unless he hears their real opinions at second hand. I assure you I've got an extremely durable hide."

"I had no idea of backing out," said Penelope firmly.

"And what is wrong with my poor 'Ardfillan'?"

"It's all pretence. It's one of the things that make me sure a great deal of poetry's just an infant game. 'Ardfillan's' only words and make-believe. You pretend to be very melancholy about its crumbling walls and empty windows—"

"A melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples," quoted Maurice.

"And say you wept as you walked in its ruined cloister."

"So I did," he protested. "Those ruins affect me very poignantly."

"When?"

"Last summer," he replied, betraying his uneasiness.

Penelope looked at him with widely open eyes. "Ardfillan Priory!" she exclaimed indignantly. "You've only read about it in a book or seen it in a picture. There isn't a stone of it standing on another, and there hasn't been for eighty years: they were taken away and built into dykes and byres."

*(To be continued.)*

## THE DOOM OF THE MANCHU.

The prevalent conception of the Manchu race—as *de facto* rulers of China is to a very great extent erroneous. The average student's ideas

on the subject are generally based on a rough framework of loose impressions. He knows that Nurhachu's clansmen from Kirin and the wild re-

gions of Hei Lung-chiang were able to seize the throne of the effete Mings at a time of widespread confusion and rebellion, and, with the aid of small but mobile armies, to establish their dominion from Peking to the borders of Burmah. In more recent years he has read of the autocratic rule of the Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi, of Iron-capped Princes and the Eight Banners, of Manchu Governors and garrisons in the provinces, and of anti-Manchu plottings by Young China, the resultant impression on the retina of his imagination being probably something akin to the state of England under the later military organization of Norman feudalism. He has heard, it is true, that the Manchu race has greatly degenerated from the virile stock of its ancestors, but, remembering that during the past sixty years the dynasty has weathered many storms of war and rebellion, and that the masterful statecraft of the late Empress was able, even in defeat, to preserve the loyalty and respect of her subjects, he probably and not unreasonably assumes that the Ta Ching dynasty will continue, like other threatened Empires, to "muddle through" somehow.

As a matter of fact, however, the present-day descendants of the fighting men who won the Empire for Nurhachu are no longer either the rulers of China, in the usual sense of the word, nor even a distinct race. They have become a steadily diminishing class of hereditary parasites, entirely incapable of the military and intellectual activities which distinguish their forbears, enjoying their privileged position of pensioned sloth without effort, partly by reason of that firmly balanced equilibrium of government which was established by the warrior Emperors K'ang Hsi and Ch'ien Lung, and partly because, until quite recently, the Chinese people, lacking education and inspiration in matters po-

litical, continued to accept these "tribute-eaters" as part of the eternal and Heaven-sent order of things immutable.

The Emperor on his throne, the Iron-capped princes behind him, and all the ancient pomp and circumstance of Manchu power are in reality no more than a fortuitous survival, the lingering shadow of a substance long since departed. There remains in them nothing tangible; given the man and the hour, and the whole fantastic puppet-show must disappear headlong into the limbo of forgotten things. That it has survived, with all the outward semblance of authority, to this day, is primarily due to the extraordinary ability and resource of the late Empress Dowager. It was, indeed, the belief of Chinese writers at the time of the Taiping rebellion, that the dissolute Emperor Hsien-Feng would be the last of his line; the dynasty, they declared, had "exhausted the mandate of Heaven," and the presence of the British and French armies at the gates of Peking was regarded as evidence of the fact. Sir Thomas Wade, British Minister in China, expressed the same belief in 1872, when he described the Grand Secretary, Wen Hsiang, as "the last of the Manchus." But Tzu Hsi, by attracting to her service and skilfully employing the best military and administrative talent of the Chinese race, saved the situation in 1861-3, and thereafter, by her instinctive statecraft, was able gradually to consolidate her rule and the Empire's position in the eyes of foreign Powers. But her methods and success were essentially personal and not typical of the race, and with her disappearance from the scene the inherent inefficiency and weakness of the Manchus were at once thrown into immediate and strong relief. Since then their impossibility as permanent rulers of the Empire has steadily im-

pressed itself, not only on the awakening political consciousness of the Chinese, but on the watchful statesmen of Japan, who have shaped their policy accordingly.

It must not be forgotten that the *sang-pur* Manchus who drove out the Ming dynasty were a comparatively small tribe, and that the men who are to-day enrolled under the Eight tribute-fed Banners at Peking are not composed only of the descendants of Nurhachu's clansmen, but also of those of the Mongols and northern Chinese who assisted him in the conquest. The greater part of these invaders took root, as garrisons, in China, where the majority soon lost their status of Bannermen by reason of intermarriage and other causes. Those who remained in Manchuria were also gradually merged in the ever-increasing Chinese population of the Three Provinces, so that to-day the pure-bred Manchu stock of Manchuria amounts to less than ten per cent. of the inhabitants, and preserves little or nothing of the attributes of a dominant race. The Manchu language has also died out, except where still spoken by a few Tartar tribes in the outlying wilds of Hei Lung-chiang, so that the race has neither literature nor enduring traditions capable of arousing it from its lethargic decay. There are the Banner Corps at Peking and Moukden, it is true, and slumbering garrisons of "Imperial rice-eaters" in various provincial centres, but in none of these do we find any evidence of fighting instincts or the ancient pride of race. Two hundred and fifty years of Capuan ease have sufficed to reduce this once virile stock to the condition of that genus of wingless ants which breeds no workers and which, to live, must be served by communities of tollers. Relieved by the system of State grants from all necessity of thought or work, clinging always to the capital to draw their

monthly doles of idleness, what wonder that the clansmen have degenerated into a hopeless mob of poor relations, parasites that live in corruption and intrigue around and about a tottering throne.

Tzu Hsi, with her clear vision, realized this bitter truth: none knew better than she the rottenness of the Manchu state. If she ruled China, as she did for half a century, it was not because of any help that she received from her ignorant and effete kinsmen, for amongst them all only two proved worthy of her confidence, or in any way comparable with the best of the Chinese statesmen who served her. She maintained the prestige and authority of her reign by sheer force of her own courage and intelligence, instinctively solving the problems of government by a masterly policy of *Divide et Impera*, preserving its equilibrium by the shrewdest use of all available resources, and by the constant diversion of hostile elements. But when, towards the close of her days, after the Boxer *débâcle*, she realized that the future of China and the fortunes of her House must depend upon the immediate adoption of a policy of radical reform, she realized also that her Manchu kinsmen were individually and collectively incapable of the effort. She perceived that the intellectual awakening of the Chinese people, the birth of new and irresistible forces of nationalism, must ere long deprive the Manchu drones of their privileges and pride of place. She saw the restraining influences of Confucianism being rapidly undermined by the "new learning," and the divine right of her Imperial House threatened by the aspirations of Young China, and she realized that Manchu rule, in its present form, was surely doomed. She foresaw, too, that with her own disappearance from the scene there would be no firm hand to steer the rickety ship of State

through the shallows of change and the rocks of foreign aggression, so that, unless means could be found for the fusion of Manchus and Chinese, the near future must surely witness the expulsion of the tribute-fed clans, and with it in all probability cataclysmic disasters to the Chinese Empire. Finally, she understood that if China was to be preserved as a sovereign State, it must be rather by means of Chinese energy and intelligence, grafted onto the Manchu stock, than by the latter's separate initiative.<sup>1</sup> Immediately after her return from Hsian (January 1902) she gave effect to these her convictions in a decree which definitely abolished the restrictions on intermarriage between Chinese and Manchus, and in a later Edict, while frankly deplored the hopeless ignorance of her kinsmen, she authorized and exhorted the Manchu nobility to send their sons to be educated abroad, their expenses being paid by the Government.

Tzu Hsi's success in governing the Empire, unsupported by any material or moral forces in the ruling caste, was largely due, in the earlier part of her career, to the lack of all inter-communication and organization among her Chinese subjects. Prior to the introduction of modern education and the vernacular Press, whereby was created Young China, there was no general recognition of the utter helplessness of the Manchu hierarchy or of the trend of foreign politics. But to-day these things are known, and to-day there is no "Old Buddha" on the throne, prudent in counsel, of many devices.

Since her death the Forbidden City has been, as she foresaw, a hotbed of barren party strife and intrigue, the clansmen divided into hostile camps, the Regent's followers warring against

those of the Empress Lung Yü, while ever the writing grows clearer on the wall and the day of reckoning draws near. Those who have followed the proceedings of the Provincial and National Assemblies cannot fail to realize what must be the consequences of the granting of Constitutional Government to the Chinese people. The Manchus and the corrupt mandarin gang of the Metropolitan Administration perceive them clearly enough, and will no doubt make some sort of a fight for their endangered craft; but it can be but a forlorn hope at best.

The weakest of all the weak points in the Manchu rule of recent years has been their utter ignorance and indifference in matters of foreign policy, and their neglect of the most ordinary precautions for the maintenance of their threatened sovereignty, especially in Manchuria. Their political activities abroad have practically been confined to the sending of missions to Europe and America, missions with high-sounding titles and large suites, which were simply expensive (and quite useless) pleasure trips for those concerned. And while official ignorance has slumbered in high places, official corruption has played its part in exposing the territories of the Empire to encroachment by earth-hungry Powers, corruption of which the Manchu system was ever the fountain-head, and the late Chief Eunuch, Li Lien-ying, past-master in ordinary. When Li Hung-chang gave Russia a right of way for the invasion and conquest of Manchuria by railway and bank, he sinned with impunity because of the complicity of some and the apathy of others in the Forbidden City, at a time when public opinion in the Provinces had little or no means of expressing itself coherently. The subsequent seizure of Kiaochao, the Boxer rising, Russia's repeated refusals to evacuate the Three Provinces, her war with

<sup>1</sup>Vide "China under the Empress Dowager," p. 428.

Japan, and the latter's gradual occupation of the position which Russia had held, all these were the inevitable results of the pathetic stupidity and corruption of the Manchu system, against which Tzi Hsi herself fought in vain. And just as Russia's purposes were served by the venality of Li Hung-chang, so Japan found an instrument ready to her hand in the sleek person of the Manchu Na T'ung, that slim leader of the Boxers who is now at the head of the Foreign Office in Peking.

At the time of her death Tzu Hsi had at her disposal no military commanders of the stamp of Tseng Kuo-fan and Tso Tsung-t'ang, her heroes of the Taiping and Mahomedan rebellions, and, in any case, she had learned to appreciate the fact that China's military capacity, as compared with that of European Powers, must for many years to come remain insignificant. The house must be put in order, equipped in its defences on Western lines; but education and administrative reform were, in her opinion, the first and only sure foundation on which to build up a regenerated Empire. Recognizing in the Chinese Viceroy Yuan Shih-k'ai the sanest and strongest man about her, she decided to follow his advice, authorized a programme of Constitutional Government, and, upon his recommendation, brought to the capital and to the Manchurian administration a number of his foreign-educated Cantonese *protégés*, progressives of the class on which Young China stakes its reputation and its hopes.

But Tzu Hsi is dead, and chaotic intrigue once more exhausts the activities of the Clansmen, *quos Deus vult perdere*. Yuan Shih-k'ai, cashiered and publicly humiliated, is lying in retirement. Tang Shao-ji, his ablest lieutenant, and ex-Governor of Moukden, has recently been driven from the Presidency of the Ministry of Commu-

nications by the shameless intrigues of the Empress Lung Yü's party. The administration of the Government, at a time of ever-increasing peril, is once more in the hands of men notorious for inefficiency, or corruption, or both. Prince Ch'ing, shifty opportunist and arch-type of mandarin venality, continues to control all the channels of official preferment, his spoils being even greater than those of the Chief Eunuch, while the most lucrative posts in the Empire are filled, to the detriment of the public service, by men of the stamp of Sheng Hsian-huai, Na T'ung and Li Ching-fong, with their swarms of satellites and henchmen. No doubt they all realize, as the Regent seems to do, that the ancient fabric of the Empire is hanging by its last nails, but "*après nous le déluge*," and there is still plunder to be had.

The anti-dynastic movement of the Cantonese and other progressive Chinese, which became prominently noticeable at the time of the *coup d'état* of 1898, was subsequently checked by the Empress Dowager's timely adoption of a reform policy, and by the influential rôle which she then assigned to Yuan Shih-k'ai and his Cantonese following. Since her death, however, the South has viewed with increasing resentment and alarm the evidence and results of Manchu inefficiency and disorganization; it realizes that the Russo-Japanese agreement of last year inevitably foreshadows the loss of the Manchurian Provinces, and thereafter imminent danger to the rest of the Empire. The proceedings of the National Assembly have revealed not only the hopeless rottenness of the Metropolitan Administration, but (for those who have ears to hear) the fact that only the certain fear of Japanese intervention has prevented the anti-Manchu movement from reasserting itself with renewed force. But even with that fear before their eyes, and the sure

knowledge of the country's helplessness, the Chinese cannot continue indefinitely to tolerate the vicious and humiliating régime of the Manchus, with its eunuchs, pension-lists, and arrogant assumption of an authority which has long since ceased to exist. The increasing cohesion of the Nationalist movement, and the opportunities which it now enjoys for expressing its aspirations through the Press and the Provincial Assemblies, are features as deeply significant in their way as the obvious helplessness of the Regent, Prince P'u Lun, Duke Tsai Tse, and other Manchu leaders. For some time past it has been apparent that the *élite* of Chinese patriotism and political energy (especially the Cantonese) is profoundly disgusted with the muddle-and-drift methods of their so-called rulers, and with the notorious corruption and women-led factions of the Court. They clearly perceive that only by education, discipline and reorganization of the nation, can final disaster be averted; that the traditional policy of the Manchus, the playing off of one barbarian against another, will no longer serve, and that China must now look to other and more effective defences.

Herein, indeed, lies the kernel of the whole matter. Were it not for the perils and humiliations to which the Empire is exposed from without (so clearly indicated by the attitude and actions of Russia and Japan since the conclusion of their Convention of last July); were the results of Manchu misrule confined to creating chaos and corruption in the Forbidden City—the peace-loving and patient Chinese might allow matters to drift until, in process of time, the situation should automatically remedy itself by the extinction of the Manchu's privileges under a constitutional form of Government in which all the driving power will be Chinese. Two years ago, before the real object of Prince Ito's mission to

Manchuria was suspected, before it had been realized that America's loudly trumpeted rôle in Manchuria was *Knox et praterea nihil*, and that England had tacitly abandoned her part in the long-drawn farce of the "open door," there still appeared to be some hope of keeping the Chinese Empire together (of "maintaining the integrity of its territory," as our futile Treaties put it) pending the necessary work of reform. That hope is now finally extinct. Manchuria, Mongolia and the New Dominion are irretrievably doomed to that "amalgamation" which overtook Corea, to division at the hands of the Russian and Japanese "guarantors" of the *status quo* in those regions. And who shall say at what point the force of "geographical and economic gravitation" (to use another of our official shibboleths) will be arrested?

With the passing of Manchuria as part of China, the Manchus must also pass as the rulers of the truncated Empire. Of a truth they have "exhausted the mandate of Heaven" and the long patience of the Chinese people, who, as has been well said, require in the long run some satisfactory proof of inherent moral qualities in their rulers. In the tea-houses of the capital to-day men talk openly of an ancient prophecy which foretells that the Ta Ching dynasty will come to its end in the "Keng Shen" year, that is to say, in 1920; while in the provinces the anti-dynastic movement, both intellectual and political, gathers force with every new proof of the Government's incapacity and humiliation. An extraordinary number of anti-Manchu books have lately been appearing, and freely circulating even in the north; one, largely subscribed for in January, is the work of a descendant of the Mings Emperors, and frankly announced as such. And in Kuangtung and Kuangsi, where contempt for the Man-

chus is continually stiffened by reinforcements of the self-reliant democratic class which returns from the United States, Hawaii and the Straits Settlements, men are discussing the possibilities of secession, and the proclamation of a Southern Chinese Republic. Press and politicians, however, alike realize the fact that it is to the interests of Russia and Japan to keep the Manchu Government in its place, and that the commercial Powers of Europe naturally prefer the *status quo*, however rotten, to the tremendous possibilities of a Chinese revolution; and

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the knowledge makes for caution in the counsels of Young China.

How, by what sudden crisis or steady pressure, the Chinese people will free itself from this incubus of parasitism, it were rash to prophesy. But the wind has been long sown, and the whirlwind is assuredly ready for the reaper. How much of independent and self-governed China will remain after the upheaval is a question of such world-wide and transcendent importance that it would seem to deserve attention, ay, even at the hands of our own Mandarins.

*J. O. P. Bland.*

### THE CHANGES OF A CENTURY.

Some few weeks ago a member of the English Bar, who first wore wig and gown in the reign of William IV., celebrated the hundredth anniversary of his birth. What shifting scenes a single lifetime has witnessed! Turn where one will, what a vast transformation has been wrought, as well in our social habits as in our political institutions. In every direction change, little short of revolution; in science, mechanics, finance, social life, politics, law and international relations.

At this veteran's birth Napoleon, freshly wedded to an Emperor's daughter, was in the zenith of his glory. On June 19, 1811, at a grand inaugural festival held in London, the Regent, amidst a scene of regal splendor, was feasting the future King of France, with the other princes of the House of Bourbon. More than three thousand guests, "born but to banquet and to drain the bowl," sat down to a gorgeous supper. "For aught I see," said Nerissa, "they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing." But the First Gentleman in Europe could do nothing to make the Crown popular with the masses of the

people. The hungry weavers of the industrial North, oppressed by poverty and toil, seethed in a ferment of discontent, the Luddites were busy with riotous destruction in the Yorkshire mills, and there were arising tumults which, seven years later, culminated in the massacre of Peterloo. Great depression of trade followed the restoration of peace in Europe, and the Legislature, fearing acute distress in the agricultural districts, was induced to prohibit the importation of foreign corn until the price of wheat had risen to 80s a quarter. This clumsy device spelt disaster to the farmers whether seasons were good or bad, and, in five years, prices varied between 96s and 45s. Invention, it is true, was advancing rapidly in the cotton and woolen industries. Hargraves, designer of the spinning-jenny, had died years before in Nottingham workhouse; Arkwright, the Preston barber, had conceived the idea of spinning by rollers, and became Sheriff of Derbyshire. The genius of Cartwright had supplied the power-loom, while Watt had made it possible to build a factory without first discovering the site of a water-

fall. But the progress of power-loom weaving had been very slow, and the work was still largely done by hand. A quarter of a century later, cloth, selling at eight to ten shillings a yard, was still woven in many a moorland cottage and conveyed by packhorse to the warehouse of a merchant in the neighboring town. In letters, at least, that age puts ours to shame. The same year—1811—saw the publication of "Sense and Sensibility," and of Coleridge's "Lectures on Shakespeare." "Childe Harold," "Queen Mab," and the "Essays of Elia" were yet to come. Sheridan, Grattan, and Perceval were still alive, and the present father of the English Bar was already a student at the Middle Temple before the death of Bentham, Mackintosh, Scott, or Wilberforce. Steam as a motive power for purposes of locomotion was just coming into vogue, but Mr. Hake was eight years old before the first steam-boat crossed the Atlantic, and eighteen when for the first time Stephenson's engine ran between Manchester and Liverpool.

Such was the bigotry and intolerance of the age, that the King's Catholic subjects, excluded from Parliament and the judicial bench, could not even aspire to the dignity of a "silk gown," nor hope to become officers of the Army, in which thousands of their own faith were called upon to serve. Jews remained in Great Britain only by virtue of an "implied license," and, on a proclamation of banishment, would have been in no better situation than alien enemies on the determination of letters of safe conduct.

During the boyhood of this venerable lawyer, if a City merchant whose affairs had become embarrassed failed to appear to his commission in bankruptcy and make full discovery of his estate, the penalty was death; while, unless it were clearly proved that his difficulties had arisen from some cas-

ual loss, he might find himself lodged in the pillory—one ear nailed thereto and afterwards cut off. The creditors of an insolvent person who did not chance to be a "trader" were empowered to cast him into gaol, and keep him there for the rest of his natural life. Yet creditors were taught to remember the sacred rights of real property; and on an attempt to make the freehold estate of an intestate liable for his simple contract debts (e.g., "little bills" owing to his tailor or butcher), the Master of the Rolls, in moving terms, implored Parliament to consider the wrong that would be done to an innocent heir-at-law, whose right to the real property of his ancestors "ought not to be disappointed by the claims of creditors."

The excessive, even barbarous, severity of our criminal laws a hundred years ago is well known. Speaking generally, any person found guilty of stealing an article above the value of twelve-pence was sentenced to be hanged. Hundreds of lads between ten and sixteen years of age lay for months chained in loathsome hulks on the Thames awaiting transportation. In the case of more trivial offences public floggings were administered, the culprit being bound, with outstretched arms, to the back of a cart, which was drawn along, at a foot's pace, through the streets, while at the end of the journey the flayed back of the victim was washed with a mixture of water and gunpowder. In some towns schoolboys were released from their tasks at an earlier hour so that they might not miss the edifying spectacle. This excess of rigor did not, however, extend to the punishment of cruelty inflicted upon animals. No such crime was known to the law.

Under the Game Laws of those days no person, other than one duly "qualified," by birth or landed estate, could lawfully kill a single head of game.

The tenant of a thousand acres dare not take a hare in his own cornfields, even with the express permission of his landlord; nor could he, by any means, purchase a license or certificate authorizing him to do so. Every countryside was, accordingly, filled with poachers, and hundreds of respectable innkeepers and poulterers were in direct communication with them. Lord Suffield relates that two or three peers of the realm were more than suspected of engaging in the unlawful traffic. A century ago many strange punishments were in vogue. Women, who by brawling or wrangling disturbed the public peace, were, it appears, placed in an engine of correction called the castigatory or "cucking" stool—frequently corrupted into "ducking" stool inasmuch as the offending dames were, as part of their punishment, plunged into a pool of cold water. The very being, or legal existence, of the wife was suspended during marriage; and the courts still permitted a husband to restrain her of her liberty, in case of gross misbehavior on her part.

Private individuals were ruthlessly  
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harassed by the law of libel, and the Press was not allowed to have things all its own way. "No man," said Romilly in 1818, "can venture to write in defence of the negro slaves without exposing himself to a prosecution"; while the King's Bench granted a criminal information against the proprietor of a newspaper, who had commented unfavorably on the action of the clergy of Durham in refusing to allow the bells to be tolled on the occasion of the death of Queen Caroline. The Anglican Church had not ceased to exercise civil power in the land. No man who became subject to the ecclesiastical censure known as "excommunication" was admitted, under any pretext, as witness in a court of law, nor could he even take any action to recover lands or money to which he had the most indisputable title.

Such considerations as these may, perhaps, suffice to illustrate and recall the many changes in our institutions which have, during a single century and a single lifetime, marked the

"march of mind,  
In the steamship, in the railway, in the  
thoughts that shake mankind."

## THE KEYS OF ALL THE CREEDS.

BY MAJOR G. F. MACMUNN, D.S.O.

The fining-pot for silver and the furnace for gold. This is the story of Jowand Singh, Subahdar of Artillery, a Sikh of the Sikhs, a soldier and ruler in the Khalsa, and how the sickle met the corn. Much honor and some solid position had he acquired in the Army of India, land and rank and title so far as the great British system has allowed its soldiers such. And, indeed, to the yeoman such as Jowand Singh the cup was reasonably full, or was so save in the still hours when the devil of ingratitude prompted him. At any

rate, he was, as many of the yeoman soldiery who had served the Sirkar well, and who in their old age are scattered through the length and breadth of the Punjab, in some content.

Subahdar Jowand Singh Bahadur, A.D.C. to the King, a sikh of the Manjha, had risen in a mountain battery of the Punjab Frontier Force from gunner to its highest grade, and had two *rôles*. In the one as a native officer of the battery he had been under-study to a British subaltern of the Royal Regiment, and in his position as

the *subahdar* and senior of the native officers as well as the wearer of all the war medals of his time he was guide, philosopher, and friend, so far as might be, to the officer commanding the battery. And both *rôles* he filled to success. But such a career did not fill the bill of life for him. Born a leader of men, and blessed with all the courage of his race, he had recognized and acquiesced in the great blank wall that the British policy has had perforce to raise between its finest native soldiers and a military career. A *sous-officer* he must remain, and that position had always seemed to him fit and proper. Now and again in his heart of hearts he had wished for more. His grandfather had been a *kommandan* in the army of the Khalsa, the colonel of a French-trained battalion that had stood up to a battalion of the British line at Ferozeshah and again at Chilianwalah, and had died a police magistrate under the English. His father had served in the Frontier force, had been at the Bailey Guard with Wilde's Rifles, and had died a *resaldar-major*. Thus it came about that Jowand Singh, though a younger son, had land near Amritsar and a hereditary call in the Army, and his mother's father having been a *golandase*<sup>1</sup> under the Patiala Rajah, he had become an artilleryman, swearing the oath of allegiance with his right hand on a mountain-gun, after the custom of the Frontier Artillery. And the story of his career was a distinguished one. When George Swinley's two guns had been captured by a rush of fanatics on the Asmai Heights outside Kabul, it was Gunner Jowand Singh who had carried the two-hundred-pound gun of No. 3 Subdivision off the heights unaided, while Joshua Duke, the doctor, shot the green-turbaned fanatic who hacked at him, so that but two guns were the victor's tally. Then to Kan-

dahar with Bobs marched he, and thence through Khorassan to garrison duty in the Derajat, where in the following autumn his battery took part in General Kennedy's Mahsud Waziree expedition, and many another, too, from that hardy annual, the Black Mountain, to Chitral and Tirah, and all the while his land in the Amritsar district grew more valuable, and his wife and sons farmed it better each year. Till at last as *subahdar* of his battery, with the Order of Merit gained on the Asmai Heights and that of British India conferred at the Jubilee, since lead he might never, he thought of power and place at Home and such dominion as landed wealth might give.

And the manner in which he decided to retire came about in this way. The "Black Week" in Africa was over. Methuen at Modder River and Buller on the Tugela still faced to their fronts, and while the Transatlantic cables ticked blue murder, and the lesser breeds on the Continent laughed, and General Staffs drew on their pigeon-holes, confidence throughout Hindostan was returning, for lo! the British were arranging other little wars. China and Ashantee and Mahsuds were to be taught their place. And then the gossip in the lines and camps of the native Army had decided that the English were still worth serving, and that, as there were no more troops in England, of course the native Army must now go and help straighten out these tiresome Boer-log. When, however, the summons to the Indian Army never came, and the Empire spawned and improvised soldiers of sorts so that the war should remain a white man's war, Jowand Singh came to me, his commanding officer. And this was the burden of his complaint: "When I joined the Army, Sahib, we used case shot and we had sharp swords, and the soldiers had peace half the day. Now we have strange guns and clinometers

<sup>1</sup> Artilleryman.

and magic sights, and we drill all day and half the night, so that we may be fit to meet the great white armies of the Sirkar's enemies. It is vexation, as you know, Sahib, but we learn it to be good soldiers. Here now is all the English Army used up, and yet, instead of letting us share in the glory, whom you have taught for years, we read that you are raising new troops while we eat our hearts out. Why is this, Great Presence?" But though I murmured of the graycoat guard on the Helmund Ford, and of the coming of the Bear, Jowand Singh would not be reassured; and who was I, that I could explain to him the mysteries of a white man's limited war, which had little of the *à outrance* about it, and which was really little more than a reading of the Riot Act in the nursery, for all its Majubas and pother. So he went away, holding that to tackle Mahsuds was his sole *métier*, and that the machine was over-gearred for the job. But that was before the Gulf trade had turned the tribes on the frontier to a highly armed fraternity.

So it came about that in due course Jowand Singh passed to the retired list, or, to use the expressive Persian of the old Sikh Service, "to the list of those with the weary feet," leaving behind him a name and a tradition to be dinned into the ear of many generations of recruits. With him into retirement he took also a substantial grant of land on the new Chenab colony, land reclaimed from the desert by British engineers, which bore such cotton and wheat as had never yet been seen in the Punjab. Therefore he increased in wealth and consideration in the countryside. But the prestige of the old soldier in the Punjab is not what it was. In the good days of shirt-sleeve government, the magistrate knew well that he rode at his ease only because of the armed men about him. The soldier stood for and be-

hind the Government, and was the ready instrument to assist the civil authorities in getting in touch with the people. Now all that is much changed. It is not that "God is forgotten and the soldier slighted," but merely that as war and riot cease to be an ever-present problem, the arts of peace grow in the land and the soldier becomes one good servant among many, instead of the only one. The native officials of irrigation revenue and agricultural services, retired or serving, are more immediately useful to the Administration. Therefore Jowand Singh found that his position in the countryside, so far as its official recognition went, was not so high as his father's, the old Khalsa *kommandan's*, which, to his eyes, meant that soldiering as a trade was losing caste. His sons were busy at school, and two were learning English, and precocious imps they had become. But their father believed that power and dominion went with the civil side of life, and so the fourth of the soldierly generation bid fair to change their *rôle*. Since high military prospects could not be his, Jowand Singh, with his land and his prosperity and his fine bouquet of children, aimed at landed and local wealth and power. He listened to the voice of the Deputy Commissioner and sowed the best corn-seed and planted the best cotton, and got a better price from Ralli Brothers for his product, and was made an honorary magistrate, so that some share of the power temporal came his way.

Then came to him emissaries of the Arya Samaj, preaching of temporal power for the twice-born, and of the horror that the Brahmin and the twice-born Hindu should be under the heel of the casteless English, and urged that one and all of the Hindus should mend their differences and combine to hold their own. How, too, those of Islam who had embraced the

creed from the sword and might of the Mohammedan invader should be brought back to the fold, and that a Pan-Hinduism should rule the land of their fathers. But there was little here that appealed to the Sikh save that he would be admitted to power and place. It was as though the Church of Rome had preached to the Calvinist to come into the fold, so much does the strict, reformed, and primitive faith of the Sikh differ from the old Hinduism. Save only, however, in this way, that no man is born a Sikh; and till he, on approaching adult age, be baptized to the strict religion, he is free to be brought up in the ease and permissible license of popular Hinduism. In an age where the peace of the English has taken away fear, and the Sikh no longer faces the Mohammedan with his hand on his sword, the call to the simple militant creed of the Sikhs is weaker, till men say that but for the influence of the British officers in the Sikh regiments the old faith would die out. Half the simple earnestness of the Covenanter was due to the dragoons of Claverhouse. Persecution and the enemy at the gate have ever made for simplicity and directness. It takes a strong folk and a strong faith to maintain character in the face of prosperity.

To the old Sikh, with his family tradition of war, the lure of young Bengal has as yet little attraction: "The English beat us, and we and they beat the Poorbeahs; now who are the Bengalis that they should preach to men of the sword?"—we still know our masters, with whom we share the Army." So when he talked it over with me as an old friend, the spirit of the Khalsa, which from a sect had become a soldiery of the Wallenstein type, rang out ruthless, forgetting the plough and the prize seed-corn. "Pah, Bengal!" quoth he: "if the English leave the country, we would see to it

that there be neither a merchant nor a virgin left in Bengal in a month." From which saying, again, I saw why India needs the English, chatter the B.A.'s never so wisely. The good English must keep the peace for the millions who cannot keep it for themselves.

It was only a year ago that I chatted with some Afghan friends settled within the British border for at least fifty years before that same border became British. "What," I asked, "would you do if the Sirkar left the land?" My friend was a civil officer of a sub-district who helped the English magistrate preach trade and agriculture; with him was his younger brother, a *resadar* in the 15th Cavalry; a third brother was also in the same regiment. "Ho! ho! Sahib," laughed he. "What should we do, eh? I will tell you. Afzul here, and young Wali Dad, who is with his regiment, we should raise fifty of our own and our fathers' retainers, Alizais and Gandapurs, and we should ride straight for Bikaneer." "Ah," said I in my ignorance, "why for Bikaneer?" "Because," said my friend the benevolent magistrate. "In Bikaneer city all the rich Hindu merchants keep their treasure." "Yes, indeed," said the cavalry brother, "and the Hindu *banniah* women are the finest in India." And once again I saw clear that a country of conflicting races and religions needs a rule that has at its back the drawn sword and the galloper gun.

All this, however, is by the way. The point is that Jowand Singh, honorary magistrate of the Amritsar district, saw perfectly well that, however much he and his desired power in the land, it was not to be got from combining with a folk whose hand had not kept their head this last thousand years. So he industriously and shrewdly pursued his business and left all hope of plunder of Bengal to the

days when the English should have delivered it to the hands of his sons and the bad men of the northern hills. Why, only a mile from his own farm was the ruined fort of Dhubip Singh Allu-Wallah, which only seventy years ago had been taken and burnt by these same Afghans, who now never dare cross the line that the English had drawn at the foot of their hills.

But a year or so passed by and I had not heard of the old man, and the wave of unrest rolled on and a vast network of agitation had been engineered; so men began to say that only a killing could put the clock back. But there are better purposes to put men to than killing them, only it takes statesmen to do it when times are troublous. Then came a man from the north that I met up a valley in the Himalayas with a Castle Connel rod in his hand, and a Sikh orderly behind him carrying a scatter-gun on his shoulder and his master's sketching-block, with whom I forgathered, both being from the Manjha; and this is what the master told me.

"Ah!" said he, "you've been out of touch with the Punjab, have you, for two years? Two years is a long time in these days. Faith, the country's galloping. The Sikh, as you know, has had no mean opinion of himself these fifty years, and small blame to him. But you've had to cram the Army with him; no doubt you could not help it . . . and he's serving for much gelt half the world over. The people are badly above themselves—not with disloyalty at present—not a bit; but they are in that dangerous state that they think we can't do without them. Add to this the numbers that leave the Army after their short engagement, with some knowledge of affairs—for in these days the regimental bazaars talk over everything. Then the Sikhs of the trading classes, who can also make good soldiers, are

bursting with knowledge and importance, and there are thousands more that have the English learning than you can ever employ in Government salary. Does it make for peace and quiet?—devil a bit. Then on the top of this comes this Pan-Hindu movement. Perhaps you remember what Henry Lawrence said, first after the Gwalior outbreak in '43, when the Mahratta Army tried so hard to make the Sikhs invade Hindostan, and again in '57; 'Never forget that the Sikhs are Hindus.'

"Did you ever come across old Jowand Singh, of Jokh Buddhu?" said I.

"Did I not?" said he; "I know the old man well, and he is an instance of what is going on in some places. He is talking of injustice, and what have the English done for him and two of his boys; the two younger ones are being brought up as Hindus and not as Sikhs. He has become very wealthy, for his cotton and wheat sowing have been most successful, and he is becoming a power in the land. All the pensioners in the Chenab colony look to him for a lead and an opinion. The pleaders have got hold of him, too: he has taken to lawsuits and land cases like a fish to water, and has won several; and there is a pleader from Lahore always in his house."

"Well," said I, "this is news indeed; and what are Government doing?"

"Ah, well," said my acquaintance, "it is not much they can do; it is not a wind you can manage—it simply is so. They know all about it, and there are plenty of sound things done. It is the old story of sit tight and keep your powder dry; and we look for a man who can ride the storm. All may trend for the worst, or all may trend for the best. 'Le bon Dieu sait, moi je ne sais pas.' There is the same demand for decentralization and shirt-sleeve government, but who can de-

centralize in these days of intricate up-to-date administration, with a democratic Government from Home trying to control a Government that must be autocratic? To go back to the old shirt-sleeve days and close personal touch means leisure, and that can only be done by doubling the *personnel*. Ah! we want a man—a man who knows and understands and can handle men, and who has incidentally some freedom of action."

And so we chatted on long into the night, and parted—he to spin for Mahseer, I to get a bag of *chikor*. But it was eight months before I had a chance to go and see Jowand Singh and find out for myself what leaven had been working. The leaven of John Hampden is strong meat for the East, and when I had last seen the old man the charm of the Sirkar still held him captive.

So up to the canal colony I went the next autumn, with a new gun for duck, and a pet old hammer-gun that had a way of its own for snipe, and put in a pretty week among the spill of the canals, till I began to touch the pensioner's colony. There was not much change to the open eye: old friends here and there turned up, and wherever I went there would be soldiers round the camp anxious to lend a hand—and it was only in the sons, the young sons—that I saw signs of the times—satchels and English primers, and a firm resolution to tap a better trade than soldiering, despite the fact that the fat lands had come by way of the knapsack and its guerdon.

One day a white-bearded old man came to see me, to haver of Lumsden and Neville Chamberlain and the Bailey Guard, and the legends of a fading past; with him a grandson with a pen-box in his hand. And he struck the tone of lament: "What have I done, Sahib, that this wretched creature should be grandson of mine? Who, too,

will till the land?" quoth he. "Is the pen mightier than the plough?"—for the plough to the old Sikh and mother earth comes even before the sword. But when I asked if he knew Jowand Singh it was little I could hear, though one man said there had been much change.

The next day's march brought me to the vicinity of Jokh Buddhu, and people had more to say: Jowand Singh was a wonderful man, and the ways of God were wonderful. Then I came to a trunk road and sat me down by a newly built *sewai* and drinking-fountain, with travellers' rest, and sat listening to the drowsy splash of the water. A cultivator came up with an ox to water, and passed the time of day: "A great man, Jowand Singh, a fine *sewai* that will be remembered many a day." "And who was Jowand Singh?" I asked. "Don't you know?" replied the peasant. "He that was *subahdar*, who got the best land when the water came, and made all the money, and was waxing fatter each day; now he builds wells and rest-houses wherever he hears they are wanted. He built this well last spring. It cost him four hundred rupees. Men say he has done it since the sickness."

Marvelling, I rode on and came to Jokh Buddhu. In the middle of the narrow village street I came to the massive lintel of deodar that formed the entrance to the old man's courtyard. A pile of old mealie-husks and a broken *charpoy* were the only tenants of a spacious court, in which half a dozen buffaloes and as many goats would usually be tethered. An ancient villager emerged from a house and remarked that the owner lived away in the fields. A small boy appeared and offered to lead me, and I followed him out across the thorn-hedges and the little canals for nearly a mile, past a cotton-field and a small copse. There, away from habitations, I found

a small wattled hut, with a plastered threshing-floor, and two oxen unlawfully muzzled slowly tramped round the wheat in the ear, a comfortable elderly woman at the yoke.

Sitting on the edge of the wall round the threshing-floor sat the figure of a man whose frame I could not mistake. Tall and deep-chested as ever sat the *subahdar*, but the portly bulk was gone. Gone, too, were the fiercely curled whiskers and coal-black beard. It was a tall spare man with a flowing white beard who advanced to greet me, pleasure and greeting in his eye, as he led me into a neat plastered room in his hut, while the woman and the oxen trod the wheat.

Ere the usual greetings of ceremony were ended the old man voiced the query in my mind, and his words were very near to those of the Preacher: "The fining-pot for silver and the furnace for gold; heaven for height and the earth for depth, and the heart of kings is unsearchable." "But when I last met you, Jowand Singh," said I, "you were landowner and a magistrate; how comes it that you have taken to this simple life? Do 'the strong men bow themselves and the grinders cease because they are few'? Is all vanity?"

"Sahib," said the old Sikh, "you and I have spent years of sunshine and storm together *kubhi sukh kubhi dukh*,<sup>1</sup> and I will tell you. You know the family from which I come, and how in reward for my services the Sirkar gave me canal land, and the *jangal wallah* sahib taught me to buy good English seed for wheat and cotton, and how I yearly made more money, and the Sirkar made me a magistrate and a *Rai sahib* as well as a *Sirdar bahadur*. And then you may have heard how I listened to the pleaders and the Aryas, and came to think that I had not half my deserts, and that the English oppressed and despised us,

<sup>1</sup> Sometimes pleasure sometimes pain.

and meant to treat us like children to the end of all time. When it became known that I thought this, *jogis* and *sunnyassis* came to my house, and sea-lawyer pensioners from the upper Chenab, and we sat and talked of the days when the Khalsa should be revived, and the Hindus should be paramount, and the Mohammedans should be our slaves, and there should be no more English and no more law courts. I have seen the English go to Kabul as easily as I go to market, and have known the English as son to father; but I listened, for the tongues of priests are silken, and subscribed to their funds, too, for my pains. And then came a day when my wife came back from market, where she had been with her brother, and was ill of fever, and for four days I nursed her, and I, too, fell ill; and then the people said we had the plague, and the *hakim* would not come and the servants ran away, and we were left alone; and then I said, "We will away to the fields to die." Out to the fields we managed to creep, my wife and I, hand in hand to this *tope* near by. I brought with me a sharp knife, I don't know why; and then I remembered what a sahib had said at Bannu, who had been at Hongkong when the plague was there. He had told us how a Chinaman had saved many people by opening the swellings under the armpit with a razor. So I crawled to my wife and dug this knife into the swelling under her arm, and made her do the same to me. And then, after lying in the fields, the fever left us, and I caught a goat and milked it, and we lived.

"And so it came about that we both got stronger, and we would not go back to live with those who had left us; but I built this hut here, and here we live. I have *rakeel* to manage my land. But now I know that all is vanity, and I

spend my money on the things that matter."

So I spoke of the well and travellers' *serai* that I had seen. "Ah!" said he. "Yes, you have heard? To all who want it I bring water; the bridegroom water to the bride earth, and the sun above; and the earth brings forth, and the children grow fat, and all is peace. I have washed my hands in many rivers, but now I have forgotten all things . . . the old battery, and the mountain-gun, my Order of British India, the rush on the frontier, what *vakeels* think of the Sirkar, and whether there be Hindus, and whether

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there be Mussulman and a hundred names of God, or whether the English shall rule the Khalsa. . . . All I know is that I and my wife are alive, and that it has pleased the Creator to give us life and content. Health and peace and the happiness of others, and the rest is vanity.

Mankind belongs to God,  
And the land to the Sirkar,  
And power to the mighty sahibs."

And with this village saying the old man sat down, and his placid wife brought milk and *chappatis*, and I felt that I had heard the conclusion of the whole matter.

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## THE SCISSORS-GRINDER.

For some years he was only known to us as the Scissors-Grinder, an impersonal functionary who sometimes called at the back-door; a silent man with a stoop which appeared to be deferential, but which proved to be merely the result of too much piano-tuning. Next we learnt he had become an inhabitant of the Alms Row, two simple and beautiful buildings of Kentish rag flanking the Grammar School, Edward VI.'s foundation. Accordingly I made my way thither with the next blades for repair. The Scissors-Grinder opened the door himself. His eyes gleamed under shaggy brows and bristling grizzled hair: he was clean-shaven, and looked like a pocket-edition of the late Professor Huxley. The two little white rooms opened into each other, miracles of cleanliness and crowded with unusual pieces of furniture. A large American organ occupied the middle of the floor. A cumbersome wooden corn-mill, with hopper and sifter complete, stood in a line with the scissors-grinding machine. Both were connected with a huge driving-

wheel, worked by a treadle. A studio camera and various other less recognizable forms were veiled in faded purple wrappers round the walls. Our two chairs and a small bare table occupied the only space left on the floor. The walls were hung with oil paintings, crudely correct. On the mantel-shelf stood an American clock, of the Sam Slick pattern, flanked by two oranges, and these, again, by two violet liniment bottles, each with a spray of scarlet sumach leaves stuck in its neck.

"I keep them there for ornament," he said. "I am passionately fond of their color, and orange is the complementary. The sumach leaves I brought with me from the United States; those are the only ones I have left, I am sorry to say. Color is my passion, especially purple, but the cover of my camera is the only piece of real purple I possess now."

He spoke of passion, but with the cold and stilted utterance of the self-educated man. However, the lover of purple proved to be a student of Rus-

kin, and must have been one of his earliest working-class disciples. It was the first of many visits. He explained his machines to me, and the pneumatic bell, his own invention. All had been put together by himself. The corn-mill was accounted for by the fact of his being a vegetarian. He was likewise a republican, a free-thinker, a homoeopath, phrenologist, anti-tobacconist, anti-vaccinationist, anti-vivisectionist, but not a Socialist. No; though he quoted Mr. Hyndman, and raged against the capitalist. He was, in fact, an Individualist of the narrowest and crudest type. No human being more self-centred ever breathed. His favorite topic was his prospect of earthly immortality as the result of never eating animal or mineral food (salt was taboo). He clung intensely to life, though his was dreary enough. The subject of religion he could not let alone, notwithstanding that his visitor never started it. "There is no God," he would assert angrily and quite gratuitously.—"Isn't it strange, then, that people all the world over should be trying to worship one?"—"Yes, man is a religious animal—a religious *animal*, that's how I should put it. I was always an original thinker. Carlyle makes the same remark, I think—or is it Huxley? . . . Still" (after a few minutes' further conversation) "I allow the *possibility* of a First Cause, but as to a Providence that watches over us every moment and interferes with all we do, why the idea is—hateful and *disgusting* to me!" ("Interference" was his bugbear.) "While as for worship or praying, the very idea is degrading."—"Have you never——?"—"Well, I do not deny that in moments of extremity I may have been a fool like other men; but I loathed and despised myself for it." He paused and a glow came over his face. "I will tell you my religion. When I was a lad in the spring I used to get up day after

day in the dark and walk across the park to those woods" (pointing through the window). "You can see them on the horizon. You know what they are when the wild hyacinth is in bloom?" (I did know.) "Did you ever watch those glades when the sun rose upon them—the white level beams darting through between the tree-trunks? Then you don't know what I saw and felt. I used to fling myself down on my face and ache and weep with the delight of it; and that is the nearest approach I have ever felt to worship."

Harding was a true poet at heart, but utterance was denied him. He could seldom get beyond borrowed formulas, whether in speech, music, or drawing, and this gave a curious unreality even to his most genuine expressions. "I educated myself," he told me. "Seventy years ago" (this was spoken about 1890) "book-learning for a working lad was hard to come at, but I understood machinery, and I could paint and play the piano, and I gave lessons. Still, I could not make much of a living at it, so I went to the States, where piano-tuning was at a premium, and I was making money fast. But I had a brother, an epileptic, and when I was about forty he became so much worse that I had to take him to live with me. Then I had to give up piano-tuning and take to scissors-sharpening, which I could practise at home, for my brother could not be left alone for a moment. Even then I could not earn enough to keep us, attendance on him was so unremitting. I had to use up my savings. For twelve years my brother lived with me—the twelve best years of my life, when I might have been making a home and business for myself. Marriage? What woman could I ask to share such a burden?" (Evidently not the Desired One; and here surely was the secret of his bitterness.) "Then he died and I went back to my tuning, but

it jarred my spine too much and I had to give it up. That's why I'm here now! Talk of there being a God. He ought to be ashamed of Himself if there is one. I have always done right, and this is the result. Why doesn't He provide?"

Vain and tactless was the endeavor to prove to him that it was no unkind Providence that had secured to him in his old age, and in his native town, two pretty rooms rent free, a garden plot, six shillings and eightpence a week, and perfect liberty to supplement it. The bread of charity was bitter in his mouth.

"Mr. Harding, the earth is full of God's providing, but we have to exert ourselves to take it. A father provides for his children, but he doesn't go round to them each with a spoon."

"No, but" (with the only look and tone of tenderness he ever betrayed)—"no, but he would feed the babies. My brother was helpless."—"He gave *you* to your brother."—"Yes, and look at the result. Why should *I* suffer for the mistakes of Providence? But there is no Providence." And indeed this was his great quarrel with the universe—that it contained no Being Whom he could debit at compound interest with his brother's maintenance for twelve years and with his own consequent losses and privations. The dread of pauper burial haunted him, and to avert it he tried to devise means of raising money. "I have some books you might like to buy." He brought out an odd volume of "Modern Painters." "My greatest treasure for years," he said wistfully handling this, "but" (pulling himself together) "my sight is failing somewhat; I can no longer see to read it." Then he produced his music—his own compositions—exquisite penmanship in handsomely bound MS. books. They were chiefly cantatas—operas he called them. One of them had a sort of re-

semblance to *Il Flauto Magico*. The soprano solo, I remember, written in C sharp, ended with the keynote in *alt*, sustained throughout eighteen bars with a cadenza ranging over two and a half octaves. They were submitted to a musical authority, who was surprised and interested. "Entirely modelled on Mozart or Bach," was his verdict. "The counterpoint is simply amazing, but there is no melody or beauty of any kind." I reported what discretion permitted, and my friend was much gratified. "A great musician in the States told me somewhat the same. He said, 'There is no living composer who could write such music as yours, and if there were, there are no vocalists nowadays who could sing it.' " Next we tried the freehand drawings, elaborate patterns for ground glass windows. "They took me a long time," he said sadly, rolling them up, "and now I am afraid that, after all, the only good of them was the pleasure of doing it. But as to destroying them, I couldn't. It would be like tearing up my own heart. Have you seen my table—my *magnum opus*?" He reverently unwrapped a round table, the top of which worked on a hinge. It was a masterpiece indeed! Painted on a ground of Brunswick black, the design, which covered every inch of surface, consisted in rows of flowers arranged in concentric circles round the centre, a violently pink heraldic rose. "The colors chosen were primary and secondary tints," he remarked. Unmistakably they were. Alas! the general effect was appalling—a miracle of delicate futility and misapplied industry. Nothing concealed that was done, but all things done to adorning Meanest utilities seized as occasions to grace and embellish.

For instance, the grooved line of every screw-head used in the construction had been neatly painted white, with a little sprig of mustard and cress

springing from either side. Above or below, one found no escape from the exuberance of ornament—the trail of the convolvulus was over it all. "I would take six guineas for it, but there is no taste for such things in this neighborhood." He covered it up again with set lips, and turned to another favorite topic—vegetarian cookery. The machines proved to be his only available assets, his strength being no longer equal to the work they demanded. But the loss of his mill did not drive him to the trade for wholemeal flour; he distrusted it too much. He took to haricot beans instead. His independent nature would not accept the smallest service without requital, so the offering of a basket of strawberries or a bag of oranges always met with some return in the shape of a gardening magazine or a cookery recipe neatly inscribed. This was one of them: "The beans will take some hours to cook thoroughly. Put them on at nine o'clock, with the saucepan-handle pointing due east. At ten o'clock turn it to the south, at eleven to the west, and at twelve to the north. By one o'clock they should be ready for eating. This plan will ensure every portion being thoroughly done."—"Wouldn't it answer the same purpose if one stirred them now and

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then?"—"Perhaps it might. But I had never thought of that. At any rate the same regularity would not attend that process." Which nobody could deny.

Our friendship extended over several years, during which his faculties sensibly declined. When we left the neighborhood a friend—an Indian frontier officer—promised to look after him. The profession of arms was the object of the Scissors-Grinder's deepest contempt. Nevertheless—by what magic of persuasion I know not—the Irish Colonel won permission, not only to visit him, but to read the New Testament. Mr. Harding would sit enduring it with polite indifference, deepening into apathy as paralysis gradually benumbed his senses. One day he interrupted the reading: "Pardon me, would you be kind enough to repeat that?" It was the Parable of the Prodigal Son. "I seem to have heard that once before—somewhere, long ago. . . . When I was a boy I suppose. I wished to hear it again. Thank you, nothing further at present." It was the last flash of that keen intelligence. On the Colonel's next visit—so he told me—he found Harding paralyzed and unconscious, but whether or not he was buried by the parish we could never ascertain.

R. B.

## WHAT NO MAN KNOWS.

I did not intend to read anything at all when I entered the club that day; I wanted to write a letter. But it was lying open on the chair, and so I picked it up.

I am inclined to believe now that it was put there as a trap.

It was a weekly paper and five days old at that, so I passed hastily and forgivingly over the racing column, in

which "The Newmarket Nut" had given two non-runners and three losers as his selections for the previous day's races.

Then I came to a column headed "Man and his Dress," written by one who styled himself "West-end Lounger"—a *nom-de-guerre* which attracted me at once by the careless grace with which it admitted human

frailties in one of exalted social station.

Most of this column was taken up with Answers to Correspondents, and it was Answer No. 3 which led to all my trouble.

It ran thus: "*Enquirer*.—Certainly not; no man with the slightest pretensions to being decently dressed would ever dream of having more than two buttons on the cuff of a lounge suit."

One felt that "*Enquirer*" must be having a bad time of it; but so dignified and crushing was the rebuke to his artless query that at first my sympathy for him was tinged with contempt.

I pictured him as a pushing man, with no taste and little tact; doubtless an honest man according to his lights, but—well, anyway he had been put in his place now.

Then, without warning, one of those pangs of self-doubt that come to the best of us at times, stabbed through me.

I dropped the paper and looked at my own cuffs—a thing I don't remember doing before, except when I am playing golf.

I counted them carefully; then I read that reply to "*Enquirer*" again; then I counted them two or three times, covering each button with the paper when I had finished counting it, so as to make quite sure.

When I had checked my calculations, I found that I had, without any question, three buttons on each cuff; and the suit I was wearing was one of the most distinctly lounge suits I have seen for a long time.

I put my hands and as much of my sleeves as possible into my coat pockets, and slunk into the hall. A few men greeted me as I passed, but I hurried on; their eyes seemed to be looking for that extra button, and I wondered how long they had really known about it. I thought it would have been so much kinder, in the long run, if

someone had spoken out about it before.

I emerged into the street with the intention of going straight to my tailor and getting debuttoned. (That is a trade term I invented on the way.)

I reflected, as I walked, that I must be more strict with my tailor in future and not be put off with airy assurances that "They" are wearing certain things.

As a matter of fact I don't remember being consulted at all as to the number of buttons on my cuffs.

A very neatly-dressed man in a lounge suit passed me in Pall Mall, and I turned and followed him bending outwards (*i.e.*, towards the road) to see if I could count his buttons. I had just caught the flash of one of them when a policeman began to watch me narrowly. So I abandoned the pursuit and went on my way, whistling wanly.

Then I met Jones, and gripped his hand. "Jones," I gasped, "how many buttons have you got on your coat cuffs?"

He fixed his eyes on me and repeated my question in a thoughtful way once or twice.

"I give it up," he said at last. "Is it a riddle?"

"It is no riddle," I said sadly. "It is a very serious matter. Quick—how many?"

"I'm hanged if I know—it may be anything from one to half-a-dozen—or there may not be any at all. I have never been able to see them from where I am."

He screwed his right arm round as he spoke, and I counted them carefully—Jones checking me as I numbered them off.

"Four!" I shouted. "Why, you're worse than I am!" and I grasped his hand again.

It was selfish, no doubt, to show my pleasure in his degradation so openly, but it is so comforting to know that one

is not all alone in these times of trial.

I explained his disgrace to him as we strolled to the club; but he did not seem to be much affected.

Jones always looks neat, but he knows nothing about clothes. He is the sort of man who tells his tailor, when he orders a new suit, that he wants something to "wrap round him."

We had lunch together, and he helped me to regain my self-esteem by point-

Punch.

ing out several men who had three or four buttons on their cuffs.

Later on we became quite unpopular by putting the question direct to every man in the smoking-room; and none of them could answer without counting.

One military member became quite annoyed when it was pointed out to him that he had three buttons on one cuff and two on the other.

We did not ask any more after that.

## AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

**PAPER VI.—ON THE WORKS OF R. L. STEVENSON.**  
BY SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

1. Name two Continental towns having Commissaires, of whom one was bribed with an odd volume of Michelet, and the other swore in a fashion to raise a singular doubt in a maiden lady.
2. Distinguish by name the public-house praised by Mr. W. Bones as "a pleasant sittiyated grog-shop" from that in which Color-Sergeant Brand introduced his new friend to a number of ingenious mixtures calculated to prevent the approaches of intoxication: and say in whose keeping the bottle went out of the story.
3. How, failing evidence of naughtiness, would you account for a child's being uncleanly, untidy and but moderately nourished?
4. (a) "Stay," she screamed, "I will put them on." Who was she and what were they? (b) "Lie here," says he, "and birstle." Who gave this advice to whom? (c) "I'll take the chaise for a hundred pound down, and throw the dinner in." Who made this idiomatic offer?
5. Give alternative pronunciations of *Athenæum*, *Goethe*, *Don Quixote*; and the masonic word of donkey drivers.
6. Who is a good man to marry for love, and how do his absences keep it?
7. State in terms of familiar appellation what (a) was played by a young gentleman with a stake in the country; and what (b) was stood by a vanman for three sovereigns. Combine the latter with the name of a ship's mate who might not be a sailor but could dance, and produce (c) a famous English man of letters.
8. In the search for what, and out of what interval of time, was a ruminant animal evolved? Name the animal.
9. You are given two musical instruments. A linked capacity of *jimmy* on the one would on the other translate itself into a perfect flight of *warblers*. Name the instruments and find a common term for *jimmy* and *warblers*.
10. "He will regret it when he's dead." Who?
11. Where was a bet laid that Stevenson was what? State the amount of the wager.
12. Show that the number of cream tarts consumed by a young man "since five o'clock," divided by

the residuum he subsequently swallowed, exactly equals the number  
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of compartments in a sleeping carriage on the Great Northern line.

## DICKENS AND THE STAGE.

In view of the centenary attempt to place the works of Charles Dickens on the stage at the Savoy, it is interesting to recall the hold the stage and its traffic had over Dickens during the most effective years of his life. The attempt to stage *Domby and Son*, *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, *Pickwick*, *Great Expectations*, and *The Old Curiosity Shop* deserves more than passing attention, because the season may answer a contention of many admirers of the great novelist that there is much essentially dramatic in his work, which ought to appeal strongly to an audience across the footlights. Dickens has not yet succeeded on the modern stage. Perhaps the biggest success inspired by him in our day is *The Only Way*, a play which has done yeoman service for Mr. Martin Harvey, and is now entering upon another season in town, as successful as ever, in the centenary year. *The Only Way* is not, however, a direct dramatization; for the commerce of the stage, the book has been very freely handled. Attempts in the past to dramatize Dickens have nearly all failed to make permanent impression. In his life—and much to his annoyance—pirated versions of Dickens' works occupied the stage from time to time, and, since his death, several attempts have been made to popularize his novels for dramatic purposes. No lasting success has been achieved with any play founded on a Dickens novel—with the possible exception of *The Only Way*. The trial scene from *Pickwick* had a vogue, largely amongst amateurs, though I believe Toole revelled in Buzfuz. Irving played in *Hunted Down*, and also portrayed Jin-

gle; a dramatized version of *Bleak House* was fairly popular, and for a long time held its own in the provinces. Any permanent vitality possessed for stage purposes by the creations of Dickens has been more successfully exploited by music-hall performers, who find impersonations of isolated characters have a popularity which never seems to wane.

That Dickens, with his sense of the drama of life and his love of the footlights, never essayed the rôle of dramatist with any amount of concentration is somewhat surprising. From early youth he fluttered round the stage; his friends were actors, and included Macready and Fechter. He found much relaxation in the theatre, and when, socially, he wanted the height of distraction, he turned to the organization of private theatricals.

"The fever of the footlights was always with him," says Mr. H. Fielding Dickens. Indeed, he was not without the usual desire of adolescence to adopt the profession of the sock and buskin as his main mission in life. In 1845 we find him confiding to the faithful Forster, "I have often thought that I should certainly have been as successful on the boards as I have been between them." In the communication which expresses this opinion so neatly, Dickens confesses to a desire to follow the stage as a career. This took active form at the age of twenty, at which time he was serving as a reporter. Indeed he went so far as to approach Bartley, then stage-manager at Covent Garden, in the hope that he would further his ambition. He told Bartley that, "I believed I had a strong per-

ception of character and oddity and a natural power of reproducing in my own person what I observed in others." They were busy preparing *The Hunchback* at Covent Garden at that time, but not too busy to make an appointment for Dickens to reveal his talent before Charles Kemble and Bartley. Unfortunately for Dickens' aspirations as an actor—perhaps fortunately for the people who enjoy his novels—on the important day of the trial he was laid aside with a bad cold and inflammation of the face. The trial did not take place, but was postponed until the following season. In that brief period, Dickens succeeded as a reporter in the gallery of the House. His original work was attracting attention. He had plenty of money, and the idea of the stage as a profession left his mind and never returned to it. So the world, by losing an actor, retained a novelist who will leave his mark on our literature for centuries.

But though the idea of the stage as a profession left his mind, Dickens remained a fairly regular theatre-goer, and developed into quite a distinguished amateur actor. He pleads guilty, in his salad days, to visiting the theatres for the purpose of studying the best acting—Mathews apparently being his hero—and to attempting to reproduce what he saw. "I practised immensely (even such things as walking in and out and sitting down in a chair), often four, five, six hours a day, shut up in my room or walking about in the fields." In that period he memorized a great number of parts. Perhaps to these days of sedulous practice he owed the ability to cut such an admirable figure when he actually appeared in public as a distinguished amateur, and no doubt his observation of the conditions of the stage enabled him to touch the foibles of the profession so pointedly in the delightful Crummles episodes of *Nicholas Nickleby*. As an

amateur his two most noticed appearances were at Manchester and Liverpool, on July 26 and 28, 1847, when he appeared in *A Good Night's Rest* and *Turning the Tables*, and in *Comfortable Lodgings, or Paris in 1750*, the enterprise being organized by Dickens on behalf of Leigh Hunt, then in straitened circumstances.

While his interest in the drama never waned, his desire to exploit the stage as a setting for his work never took very positive shape. Like one of his own famous characters, he was always just about to begin. He flirted with the idea of providing theatrical fare, but never wedded the dramatist's profession. Forster, in a table showing his hero's literary work, credits Dickens with the authorship of *The Strange Gentleman*, a comic burletta adapted from one of the *Sketches by Boz*, and the libretto of a comic opera called *The Village Coquettes*, both written in 1836. Sala refers to both efforts very casually in his reminiscences, and it is apparent they did not set the theatrical Thames on fire. A last attempt at direct dramatization was the writing of a farce in 1839, which was completed to help Bartley, of Covent Garden. The play pleased not the million for the simple reason that the actors did not agree over it, and did not produce the farce. Dickens promptly turned it into a story, and it appeared as *The Lamplighter*.

From that period Dickens never seems to have attempted dramatization for the stage, beyond assisting in work of fugitive interest for private theatrical purposes. He must have been often tempted to do so, with a view of protecting his property, for his books were often assaulted by hack-dramatists, who made up bungling stage versions of his stories and produced them. *Pickwick* was extensively pirated in this way, and Forster records that Dickens, viewing a travesty of his *Oliver*

*Twist* at the Surrey Theatre, was so enraged that he lay on the floor of the box until the drop-scene fell. The author's venomous treatment of the adapter, present at the supper to Crummles, indicates a Dickens smarting under ill-treatment by a pirate named Stirling, and desiring to pillory the offender publicly.

In the end, however, Dickens did make prestige, popularity, and money on the stage, for the later years of his life were devoted to public readings. According to George Dolby, his manager for the later readings, between 1858 and 1879 Dickens gave 423 readings, including the curtailed American tour ending in 1868, for which he received something like £45,000. It is Dolby's verdict that, "handsome as these results were, and of course highly satisfactory to Mr. Dickens, they were purchased at the dear cost of the sacrifice of his health." Reading between the lines of the matter available relating to these public appearances, there is no doubt the stage, in the form of the lecture platform, did shorten the great writer's life. The incessant travelling, his anxiety to keep faith with the public even when ill-health had marked the novelist down, his ungrudging desire to give his audience dramatic malt for their financial meal, all preyed heavily on his constitution when it demanded conservation.

His work as a reader, judging from the estimates of his contemporaries, exhibited the long-suppressed histrionic abilities which Dickens had cultivated from his early youth.

The manner of the delivery proved as arresting as the matter, and the success of the readings was due to something more than the desire of an adoring public to view the master in his daily habit. His reading of the murder scene in *Oliver Twist* was so dramatic in its intensity that his audience were thrilled with the horror of it, and we are told "he worked himself up to a pitch of excitement which rendered him so utterly prostrate that when he went to his dressing-room (which he reached with difficulty) he was forced to lie on the sofa for some moments before he could gain strength to utter a word." One may catch a glimpse of what Dickens might have done on the stage by his success in the readings, and one may think and somewhat sadly of the persistency of his love for the actor's art, which sent him wandering about the world when he was nearing sixty, to fulfil the impulse of his early twenties towards the stage—a purpose which in its triumphant fulfilment brought about his too early dissolution.

The Outlook.

## WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

'July 18, THACKERAY b. 1811.'

Ah! what a world the words bring back—  
Those bald words in the Almanack!

Once more they come—from days long fled—  
The towering form, the grand white head;  
The upturned look that seems to scent  
The paltry and the fraudulent;  
The kind eyes that too soon confess  
Their sympathy with wretchedness;

Nor only these, but all the train  
That issued from that teeming brain.

Trooping they enter, one by one,  
Distinct and vivid, strangers none;  
Nay—if that can be—better known  
Than mortal kinsfolk of our own:  
“Becky,” “Amelia,” “Dobbin,” “Jos,”  
“Pendennis,” “Warrington” and “Cos”—  
“Cos” with his “oi”—Pen’s uncle too,  
“Florac,” the Colonel, “Ethel,” “Kew,”  
“Trix” and her mother, and not less,  
That later “Trix”—the Baroness,  
“Esmond” of course, and “George,” and “Harry”;  
The rogues and rascals—“Deuceace,” “Barry,”  
Evil or good, none immature,  
From “Yellowplush” to “Barbazure”;  
None dimly seen or half-achieved,  
Or drawn too vague to be believed;  
But each, however small the rôle,  
A thing complete, a finished whole.

These are no puppets, smartly drest,  
But jerked by strings too manifest;  
No dummies wearing surface skin  
Without organic frame within;  
Nor do they deal in words and looks  
Found only in the story-books.  
No!—for these beings use their brains,  
Have pulse and vigor in their veins;  
They move, they act; they take and give  
E’en as the master wills; they *live*—  
Live to the limit of their scope,  
Their anger, pleasure, terror, hope.

Because he touched the flaw in all,  
There were who called him cynical;  
Because his mood to pity leant,  
They styled it mawkish sentiment;  
Because—disdaining to make light  
Of wrong by treating it as right—  
He probed the wound he saw exist,  
They dubbed him heartless satirist!

We have reversed all that to-day:  
We know him better—or we may.  
We know he strove by ridicule  
To shame the hypocrite and fool;

We know, alike in age and youth,  
He sought unshrinkingly for truth;  
Made of no smallest virtue sport;  
Loved honesty and good report;  
Went manfully his destined way,  
Doing, as far as in him lay,  
His daily task without pretence—  
With dignity and reticence.

Peace to his memory—and his type!  
Too rare, in times grown over-ripe!  
Peace to his memory! Let him rest  
Among our bravest and our best;  
Secure, that through the years to come,  
His voice shall speak, though he be dumb,  
Since men unborn, or glad or vexed,  
Must need his sermon and his text.

He painted Life—the life he knew:  
The roundabout of false and true,  
The ups-and-downs of good and bad,  
The strange vicissitudes and sad,  
The things unsolved, the seeming-chance  
Complexities of Circumstance,  
Yet failed not humbly to recall  
The Power above, controlling all.

*Austin Dobson.*

The Cornhill Magazine.

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## THE CORONATION.

BY AN EYEWITNESS.

**IN THE STREETS.**

On the morning of the Coronation London was transformed into a vast theatre. Wherever the procession was to pass, the fronts of houses were changed to tier upon tier of boxes. The streets were like armed camps. Everywhere the lines were held by quiet, well-ordered troops. As you crossed the Park, if you were fortunate enough to gain entrance, you saw the white tents of the soldiers glimmering in the morning sun, as though for joust or tourney. The patience and forethought of the crowd were perfect. It was the purpose of every one to

help the progress of his neighbor. On all sides were loyalty and good-nature. It was difficult not to feel pride in a people, which at this moment of poignant feeling could bear itself with so benign a composure. The Coronation of George V., in truth, demands a new chapter in the Psychology of the Crowd. As I went to the Abbey there was no disorder, no discomfort. All had but one object in view,—to see their King pass to his Crowning. None could attain this object at the expense of his fellow. It was a unique experience of good-humor and amiable bearing. And the restraint of the

throng must not be taken as a sign of apathy. The excitement of the people was as keen as its forbearance was admirable. The whole city watched its monarch. There was no space which lacked an eager spectator. "You would have thought," in Shakespeare's noble words, "the very windows spoke"—

So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes.  
Upon his visage; and that all the walls  
With painted imagery, had said at once,  
"Jesu, preserve thee."

#### THE ABBEY.

The scene in the Abbey was a scene of dignified magnificence. All was arranged for the great ceremony of the Coronation. It was with difficulty that the spectator disengaged the familiar architecture. The grouped pillars at the crossing still soared to the roof. The rest of the Church was swathed in the suits of pomp and rejoicing. The carpet of deep blue which covered the floor was relieved by the brilliant hues of the East. The uniforms of scarlet and gold, the white dresses of the ladies, made a background of vivid splendor. Hither and thither moved the high officers of State. The regalia are carried from the Altar in solemn procession. The Bishops ranged themselves in what was called the Theatre. The Peers took their places in the South Transept. Then a long pause, and as the time of waiting grew from minutes to hours, we felt not the tedium of delay. To gaze upon this setting of vivid and various color was sufficient for curiosity. We would not, if we could, have hastened the opening of the drama. At last there are the sounds of martial music. The trumpets blare, the drums beat, and the Procession of the Queen enters with measured solemnity. Seven ladies hold the Queen's embroidered train, and

follow her footsteps up the nave, until she reaches her seat in the Theatre. The organ plays, "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord." And the King follows the Queen to his place in the Choir.

Thus began the profoundly religious service of the crowning of the King. In one sense it was a pageant, as all processions are pageants, to whatever end and with whatever purpose they are made. No spectator could help admiring the splendid spectacle unfolded before his eyes. It is true that every effect was rehearsed. Without rehearsal it would have been plainly impossible to perform the high ceremonial. But in the pageant there was nothing theatrical. In every gesture, in every movement, there was a sincere intensity of aim which could not but seize upon the imagination of us all. We were confronted, not by a dramatic representation, but by a real experience of human life. The King and Queen, the Archbishops and Bishops, the mighty officers of State, the Earl Marshal, the Lord Great Chamberlain and the rest, were all living personages, performing such duties as were prescribed them a thousand years ago; and as we watched their gestures, and heard the beautiful words which their presences evoked, we felt that we, one and all, were taking our part too in this august ceremonial of Kingship.

As the King entered all was in readiness. The simple words of the service suggested that no step in the preparation had been neglected. "In the morning upon the day of the Coronation early," thus it runs, "care is to be taken that the Ampulla be filled with Oil and, together with the Spoon, be laid ready upon the Altar in the Abbey Church." Then there followed a series of historical pictures, old yet familiar, simple yet grandiose. As we looked upon them we lost all sense of

time, and kept a very vivid memory of the place in which we sat. We might have been thrust back into the fourteenth century. We saw and heard nothing which we might not have seen and heard in this same Chuch of St. Peter six hundred years ago. The same symbolism, the same personages, passed before us, as passed before the faithful subjects of the Plantagenet Kings. No sooner were the King and Queen placed upon their fald-stools, than the Archbishop performed the act of Recognition. "Sirs," said he to each part of the Theatre in turn, "I here present unto you King George, the undoubted King of this Realm: Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, Are you willing to do the same?" The question was answered by one outburst of acclamation. From every corner came loyal shouts of "God save King George," which, mingled with the *Virato* of the Westminster boys, rough and sincere, was the people's best answer of loyalty and devotion.

Again the trumpets sounded, and the Bible, Paten, and Chalice, together with the Regalia, were placed solemnly upon the Altar. And after the Litany had been sung by two Bishops, the Coronation Service began. The Epistle and Gospel were read, and then the Archbishop of York preached his sermon. He could not have chosen a wiser text: "I am among you as he that serveth," and in insisting rather upon the service of kingship than upon its splendor and privilege, he spoke the truth, which was in the minds of all men. As the last words of the Sermon, "So help us God," died upon the air, the Archbishop of Canterbury administered the Oath. "Sir," said he, in his clarion tones, "is your Majesty willing to take the Oath?" And when at last the King, with his hand upon the Bible, had signed the oath, then began the service of symbolism, which will stay for

ever in the minds of all those that witnessed it.

In these days of progress, how pleasant is it, and how reviving, to look upon the august ceremonies of the feudal age! Nothing was done, nothing was said in Westminster Abbey, which had not a profound and time-honored meaning. As the Choir sang "Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon king," to Handel's noble setting, and echoed in its anthem, "God save the king, Long live the king," the King rose from his prayer, took off his cap of state, was disrobed of his crimson robe by the Lord Great Chamberlain, and took his place, for the first time, in King Edward's Chair, the chair which holds the mythical and sacred stone of Scone. And as he sat enthroned, four Knights of the Garter held over his head a rich pall of silk, or cloth of gold. The imagination cannot picture a scene more solemn or richer in historical association. The King was anointed and consecrated King over his people. The Dean of Westminster put upon him the Colobium Sindonis and the Supertunica of cloth of gold; the Lord Great Chamberlain, like a true knight of chivalry, touched the King's heels with the Spurs, and girt about him the Sword of State; and when it was girt about him, the Archbishop showed its purpose in those eloquent words: "With this Sword do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the holy Church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order." Thus, with the true symbol and in the proper terms, are set forth the whole duty and responsibility of kingship; nor does this conclude the ceremony of the Sword. "Then the King, rising up," thus runs the form and order of the service, "shall ungird his

Sword, and, going to the Altar, offer it there in the scabbard, and then return and sit down in King Edward's Chair: and the Peer, who first received the Sword, shall offer the price of it, namely, one hundred shillings, and having thus redeemed it, shall receive it from the Dean of Westminster, from off the Altar, and draw it out of the scabbard, and carry it naked before his Majesty during the rest of the solemnity." Nowhere else will you so surely surprise the spirit of the past, which still breathes in the present, as in this passage of reverend ceremonial.

So the King was solemnly invested with the Armill and Royal Robe, with the Orb, the Ring, and the Sceptre. At each investiture he was more sternly consecrated to the service of God and his People. Then at last came the highest moment of the Ceremony—the Putting on of the Crown. Like all great actions, the Crowning itself was an action of extreme simplicity. Priceless in association, the Crown of St. Edward, in which shone the historic jewels of England, evoked less wonder for itself than for the significance of its putting on. As the Archbishop spoke the moving words, "O God, the crown of the faithful: Bless we beseech thee and sanctify this thy servant George our King: and as thou dost this day set a Crown of pure gold upon his head, so enrich his royal heart with thine abundant grace, and crown him with all princely virtues," there ran a feeling of joy through all the people. At last we had a King crowned and enthroned. From every side arose loud shouts of "God Save the King," the Peers and the Kings of Arms donned their coronets, and the echo of the guns was heard in the Abbey, now loudly from the Horse Guards, now faintly from the greater distance of the Tower.

If the Crowning, in all its simplicity, was the highest moment in import and

feeling of the whole ceremony, the homage which followed did not yield to it a jot in picturesqueness. As in the times of feudalism, so in this age of a widely extended franchise, the Princes and Peers did their homage publicly and solemnly to the King. The Archbishop came first to pay the debt of his allegiance. The Prince of Wales followed him, and surely no act of this wonderful day was more tensely dramatic than this. Kneeling before the King, the young Prince spoke aloud the noble words of the oath: "I do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God." No one present could witness without a thrill this act of homage, which, ancient though it be, is as closely binding as ever it was in the ampler days of chivalry.

The Queen's Coronation followed the King's in purpose and design. The Queen, too, stood beneath the pall of cloth of gold, which for her was held by four Peeresses. She, too, was anointed and crowned, was invested with the symbols of her exalted station, and took her place at the King's side. Then, after the Communion and the Recess, they passed down the nave of the Church, crowned and bearing the emblems of sovereignty, into the light of day, and so regained their palace amid the sincere and heart-whole enthusiasm of their people.

#### AND AFTER

For those who witnessed it, the Coronation of our King and Queen will remain a deathless memory. The august service, with its beautiful phrases and exquisite symbolism, will never fade from the mind of those who heard it. Its beauty was increased by the confidence and certainty wherewith it was carried out. You were never disturbed for an instant by the dread of

an unrehearsed incident. It was a public duty perfectly performed by those who realized its lofty import and vast significance. When we look back upon it, we think of it first as the strongest link in our chain of tradition. Thus, and thus only, have our Kings been crowned since the beginning of history. The popular view of politics has changed a hundred times; the true view of our King, as of one solemnly consecrated and set apart for the service of God and the country, has not changed since the days of chivalry. There can be no better source of strength and power than this sacred continuity. The strength and power of an Empire lie not only on the sea but in the past. There is no stouter anchorage than tradition for an honest folk. Nor is a single word spoken in the service of coronation, nor a single act performed, which does not prove the age and grandeur of our inheritance. If only we are loyal to the responsibility of this inheritance, how shall we look to the future save with the eyes of a quiet confidence?

There is one other aspect of the Coronation which struck us most vividly. It was a ceremony in which the politicians took small part. The officers employed were the great officers in the King's Household. The Prime Minister walked in the procession for the first time. The other members of the Cabinet were present only as visitors.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

For once, at any rate, the King and his people confronted one another without political intervention. The King, in the words of the Archbishop of York, came to the Abbey "as the one man raised above private and local interests, to think of all, to care for all, to unite all in one fellowship of common memories, common ideals, common sacrifices." And the people acclaimed him on his passage to the Abbey, or greeted him within the sacred precincts, eagerly desiring to defend and to obey him. Nothing could be of happier augury than this confrontation of King and People. For, despite the democratic tendencies of the age, the King is still the symbol of patriotism and of power. That he should be this symbol is essential to monarchy. Above all is it essential to a complex Empire such as ours, which includes men of many races, many ideals, and many creeds. The wisest Prime Minister in the world cannot be expected to touch the imagination of the East, or to inflame the passionate loyalty of our oversea dominions. These duties of Empire can be discharged only by a King, conscious of his high destiny and confident in the strength of his people's support. And we left the Abbey after the crowning of King George V. with a better hope than ever we have felt of seeing Disraeli's dream come true of a loyal people and a patriot king.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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Horace Annesley Vachell, the author of "The Hill," a charmingly written and powerful recent novel of life at Harrow, has in "John Verney" told the story of his hero's later young manhood. The sequel is better-knit than "The Hill" but not so strong. Love, politics and a little too villainous a

villain form a rather highly-colored tale of English life. The book is keen and entertaining. One wishes in particular, however, that the heroine were more convincing. Mr. Vachell is distinctly at his best in his analysis of masculine character. George H. Doran & Co.

"Yellowstone Nights" by Herbert Quick narrates the adventures of seven people who meet for the first time in Yellowstone Park and who join their interests, and commit themselves to the care of Aconite Driscoll, the driver of a stage, who acts as their guide to the wonders of the Park. Each evening it falls to the lot of some member of the party to tell a story for the entertainment of the rest. The stories are of uneven interest, but contain some clever writing. One wishes the author had eliminated the slang, which is furnished ad nauseam, presumably to give Western "color" but which detracts much from some otherwise readable stories. The descriptions of Yellowstone Park have a guide-book flavor, although one would not accuse the author of not knowing his country. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The spirit in which John Muir's "My First Summer in the Sierra" was written is suggested by these words which one comes upon more than midway in the narrative: "No Sierra landscape that I have seen holds anything truly dead or dull, or any trace of what in manufactures is called rubbish or waste; everything is perfectly clean and pure and full of divine lessons. This quick, inevitable interest attaching to everything seems marvelous until the hand of God becomes visible; then it seems reasonable that what interests Him may well interest us. When we pick out anything by itself, we find it hitched to everything else in the universe." It was in this spirit that Mr. Muir, who has been aptly called the Thoreau of the far West, wandered forty years ago and more among the mountains and cañons, the rivers and lakes of the Yosemite, watching the two thousand sheep of which he was in charge; and it is in this

spirit that the diary of his experiences and observations from June to September is recorded in these pages. The book is one of the most virile and most enthusiastic contributions to Nature lore for many a day. The illustrations are in part from photographs and in part from sketches made by the author. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Two historical stories deserving unqualified praise are Marjorie Bowen's "I Will Maintain" and "Defender of the Faith." Either is complete alone, but they are doubly satisfactory read together, both being stories of the Netherlands during the period of William III. Contrary to the custom of fiction-writers, the author has taken the historical characters themselves for her chief actors instead of using them as part of her background, and William of Orange and John DeWitt are wonderfully real in her pages, and compel the reader's admiration with almost the power of life itself. She enters with remarkable impartiality into the differences between the young Prince and the Grand Pensionary, and does equal justice to the disinterestedness and heroism of both. The first of these two stories is concerned with the rise of the Prince to command of the army, his gallant struggle against French aggression, and his triumphant acclaim as Stadholder. The book is of absorbing interest, a fact the more marked as it is wholly without the element of romance. That element, however, enters largely into the second, which begins with the negotiations for William's marriage with Mary Stewart, and weaves domesticities with wars in deft fashion, covering a period ending with the battle of Saint Denis. Both books are of unusual quality. E. P. Dutton & Co.